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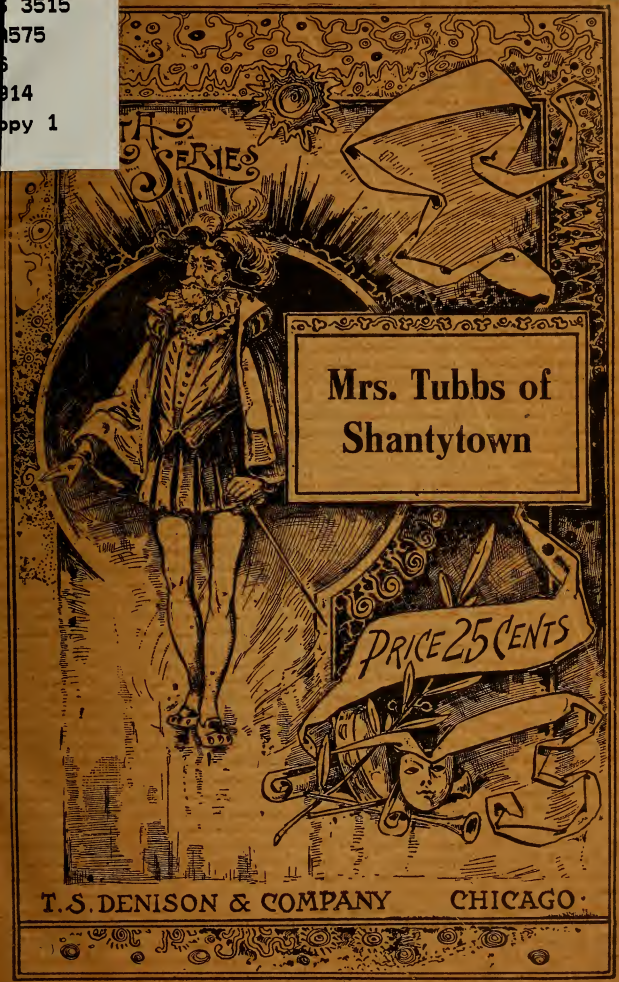

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April Fools, 30 min.....	3	
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Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.		19
Bad Job, 30 min.....	3	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.....	2	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min...	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.....	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min..		5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min....	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.....	2	1
Case Against Casey, 40 min...23		
Convention of Papas, 25 min..	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

MRS. TUBBS OF SHANTYTOWN

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN
THREE ACTS

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

AUTHOR OF

"A College Town," "A Rustic Romeo," "Aaron Boggs, Freshman," "The Fascinators," "Savageland," "Macbeth à la Mode," "A Southern Cinderella," Etc.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
MRS. CHESTORA MACDONALD CARR
READER AND TEACHER OF EXPRESSION
COLUMBUS, OHIO

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
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MRS. TUBBS OF SHANTYTOWN

WHO'S WHO.

MRS. MOLLIE TUBBS.....*The Sunshine of Shantytown*
MISS CLINGIE VINE....*Her Lady Boarder, Real Genteel*
MRS. ELLEN HICKEY....*A Neighbor who Hates to Gossip*
MAYDELLE CAMPBELL...*The Pretty Young School Teacher*
SIMON RUBBELS.....
.....*The Corner Grocery Man, Looking for a Wife*
TOM RIORDAN.....*A Young Census Taker*
QUEENIE SHEBA TUBBS.....*Aged Twelve*
METHUSALEM TUBBS ("Scuffles").....*Aged Eleven*
BILLY BLOSSOM TUBBS.....*Aged Seven*
VICTORIA HORTENSIA TUBBS ("Punky Dunks").....
.....*Aged Three*
ELMIRA HICKEY .....*Aged Ten*

CHILDREN AND NEIGHBORS.

ACT I—Mrs. Tubbs's front room. Shadows in Shantytown.

ACT II—Same scene as Act I. A month later. Mr. Rubbels comes a wooing.

ACT III—Same scene. Thanksgiving Day. Sunshine in Shantytown.

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours and 15 Minutes.*

When you feel the blues a-coming,
Whistle, laugh or sing.
It makes the other fellow happy,
You feel like a king.
Ain't no use to set a-sighin',
Clouds go rollin' by,
Jest you smile and see how quick
Sunshine fills the sky.
—*From the (unpublished) poetry of Mrs. Tubbs.*

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JUN 11 1914
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MRS. TUBBS SAYS:

"Clingie's certainly a long time makin' up her mind, but when she's sot a steam shovel himself couldn't unset her."

"Don't you act like a siren to him. Simon Rubbels wouldn't recognize a siren if he found her floating 'round in his bean soup."

"I crossed over mountains and over rivers and went through long black funnels that would have made you think your last day had come. And I went around curves and seen sights that I never expected to have saw this side of the River Jerden. I've always wanted to be a traveled lady, and now I've done it."

"I hope and I trust, and when a person hopes and trusts fer a thing they ginerally git it. Everything is bound to come out right some time."

"I ain't goin' to worry. There ain't no use in h'istin' your umbrella until it begins to rain."

"I jest do what I have to do and make the best of it. Mr. Tubbs used to say that my voice would scare anything, so I jest try to make it scare the blues."

"Bibulous? Bibulous, Theodore Tubbs, bibulous? Why, mister, that man didn't know no more about the Bible than my sister's cat's tail. And what's more, I ain't got no sister.

"His maiden name was Theodore. He was real handsome and a member of the Imperial Order of the Woodenmen."

"Men is men the hull world over, and it seems jest like it's a man's nature to do that which they oughtn't to do, and to leave undone them things they ought to have did. That's Scripture."

"Folks may come and folks may go, and kingdoms wax and wane, as the poet says, but the ironin' must be did."

"He was out in the rain in the A. M. and caught cold in the P. M. That's how come I didn't send him to school."

"What difference does money make? If you've got your youth and your strength and your love, that's worth all the money that was ever made in this whole world."

"Love your country and stand up fer it to the last ditch.

Poor folks can love their country jest the same as rich ones. And better."

"Keep smiling."

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAMMES.

Act I—Mrs. Mollie Tubbs and her happy little family in Shantytown. The pretty, young schoolteacher and the Census Taker have a disagreement. Mrs. Tubbs as first aid to Cupid. Mrs. Hickey expresses her opinion of Simon Rubbels. Miss Clingie Vine has her census taken. "My maw was a Virginia Hamm, and whenever we had company, papaw always wore full evening garbage." Bad news from Kansas. "There ain't no way too far for a mother's love. I'm going to my boy."

Act II—A month later. Mrs. Tubbs returns. "There ain't a bit of use in h'istin' your umbrella until it begins to rain." Simon Rubbels decides to find a wife. "If he ain't a red headed hippopotamus, there never was one on this green earth." A Shantytown high jinks with song and menagerie. Clingie Vine decides to be a siren. The light in the window for Jimmie. "I've got my babies, and I've got their love, and all the money in the world can't take that from me, so Mr. Simon Rubbels, the honorable Mrs. Tubbs respectfully declines your offer of matrimony."

Act III—Same scene as Acts I and II. A Shantytown Thanksgiving. Mrs. Hickey brings the news and Miss Vine inherits a fortune. Mr. Rubbels worries Mrs. Tubbs again. "You kin turn me out in the streets tomorrow, but tonight this house belongs to me. Now there's the door and there's your hat. I won't detain you no longer." Miss Vine and the good looking grocery boy. "Jimmie, my boy, my boy!" The return of the Prodigal Son. "I reckon I'm the happiest woman in the United States of America. My cup runneth over, my cup runneth over!"

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The simple story of the everyday life of a lady of unconquerable optimism who lives in Shantytown. She has four

children with her, but her heart goes out to the boy who went away. A false report causes her to make a trip to Kansas to find the lost son, but she returns with the news that it was another lad of the same name. The corner grocer, one Simon Rubbels, decides that the thrifty Mrs. Tubbs would make an excellent spouse and comes to visit her "with matrimonial intentions." Miss Clingie Vine, whose mother was a Virginia Hamm, thinks that she is the object of the amorous grocer's attentions and is heart-broken when she learns his true opinion of old maids in general and herself in particular. She has been boarding with Mrs. Tubbs, but when she realizes that it is Mrs. Tubbs that Mr. Rubbels is after, Clingie quits the house in disgust.

The love affairs of a young census taker and the pretty school teacher furnish a romantic, though not too sentimental, element to the story. Miss Vine tries a mild flirtation with the census taker, but is again rebuffed. In Act III, just when the clouds are darkest and Mrs. Tubbs is to be turned from her little home, Clingie returns in her own automobile, as she is now a lady of fortune. She spurns the attentions of Mr. Rubbels and brings the prodigal son Jimmie back to the old home nest.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

Mrs. Tubbs—Should be played by an actress who memorizes well and who can portray a character part with its necessary humor as well as the underlying pathetic tenderness. Especial attention must be given to the dramatic act endings of Acts I and II and to the two scenes with Mr. Rubbels. The actress must "let herself out" in these scenes, and (in these scenes) may be as stagey as she pleases, working for her climaxes with accelerated speed and tempo. This is a long and difficult part, but is the central figure in the entire play, and offers an ambitious actress exceptional opportunity for making a "star hit." Costume well worn, old-fashioned cloth waist with skirt of contrasting color. This skirt turned up showing a long woolen petticoat until her scene with Tom in Act I, when the skirt is

turned down. Unstarched and rather soiled dark gingham apron of ample proportions but without bib. Hair gray and combed straight back and twisted in knob at back of head. Face pale and slightly lined. Shoes old and well worn (an important item). Old-fashioned cloak and hat for climax of Act I. In Act II she wears same costume with skirt turned down. In Act III well worn calico dress with large apron. To be played loudly and with much energy. Quick motions, shoulders thrown back, quick walk and good carriage.

Clingie Vine—Aged about forty. A slow, drawling, stoop-shouldered, romantic old maid. Speaks with mournful voice, but shows necessary eagerness whenever the subjects nearest her heart are discussed. Slow walk and bad carriage, in direct contrast with Mrs. Tubbs. On her first entrance she wears a dilapidated wrapper, rather dirty, and has her hair in curl papers or rags of many color à la Topsy. On her entrance to greet Tom she wears the costume described in text. In Act II she wears the wrapper of the first scene of Act I and changes as before to greet Mr. Rubbels. May wear large, old slippers with fancy red rosettes. In Act III her entire make-up must be changed. She appears like a modern lady of fashion, perfectly gowned in winter furs with stylish hat, silver mesh bag, etc. Make-up pale with comic arrangement of hair in the first two acts. In Act III use more color and dress hair in modern style.

Mrs. Hickey—Aged fifty, short and stout, white hair. Plain wrapper with shawl. Speaks loud and fast. On last entrance wears cloak and hat, both old-fashioned.

Miss Campbell—Aged eighteen. Neat and girlish. Modest costumes suitable for late fall. Don't overdress this part.

Rubbels—About fifty. Red wig and drooping mustache. Short and stout. Old-fashioned suit, overcoat, hat, mittens and muffler. Prompt and businesslike. Speaks short, sharp and commandingly.

Tom—Neat business suit, light top coat and derby hat.

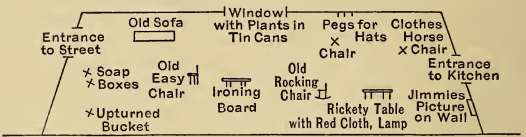
Children—Old shoes, bright stockings, worn and patched clothes.

PROPERTIES.

Old-fashioned and well worn furniture around stage. Old rocking chair down L. Soap box and upturned bucket down R. Old lounge and dilapidated chairs. Table with cover and lamp down L. Ironing board at C. with irons, clothes basket with quantities of clothes. Book for Scuffles. Tin pan and wooden spoon for Billy. Sticks and paper caps for children. Work basket, long red stocking and black yarn for Clingie. Note book, purse with coin for Tom. Paper rose, kid gloves, false hair front and tidy for Clingie. Newspaper for Mrs. Hickey. Large bottle for Clingie. Old valise for Mrs. Tubbs. Flowers and boudoir cap for Clingie. Basket for Queenie. Bundles, papers, bird cage, etc., for Clingie. Rag doll for Punky. Kite for Billy. White apron for Scuffles. Small, cheap U. S. flag in table drawer. Crayon picture of Jimmie on wall. Statement (for rent) for Rubbels.

SCENE PLOT.

No change is required during play.



Old rag carpet on floor. Plenty of rickety, broken furniture. The entire setting may be rented for a dollar or two from some second hand furniture store. Remember the scene is laid in Shantytown and the stage must be arranged according to Shantytown standards.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R.* 3 *E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights, down stage, near footlights; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

MRS. TUBBS OF SHANTYTOWN

Act I.

Scene: *Poorly furnished room in* Mrs. Tubbs's *home as indicated in Scene Plot. Door R. to street; L. to kitchen. Window C. in flat. Lights all on.*

At rise of curtain Mrs. Tubbs *is discovered in C. ironing.* Queenie *is assisting her, taking clothes from basket, helping her spread them out on board, etc.* Scuffles *is seated on upturned bucket down R. working arithmetic on a blank book. Bright music, played loudly and rapidly, takes up the curtain but ceases when players speak.*

Scuffles. The book says if it takes fifteen men four days to build a road, how many days will it take one and one-half men to build it? Now that ain't sense. Whoever heard tell of half a man?

Mrs. T. (*ironing*). Maybe it means a crippled gentleman, Scuffles.

Scuffles. It's a hard example. And what good is it ever going to do me, even if I do find out? I ain't never goin' to build no roads.

Queenie. No, nor nothin' else if you don't study harder and learn your 'rithmetic.

Scuffles. Tomboy, tomboy, tomboy!

Queenie. Methusalem! (*Makes face at him.*)

Scuffles. Maw, you make her quit calling me Methusalem.

Mrs. T. Now, Queenie, don't you worry your brother when he's so busy.

Queenie. He called me a tomboy. And his name *is* Methusalem.

Mrs. T. Yes, that's so. And it's a real handsome name, I think. Mr. Tubbs got it out of the Scripture. Methusalem was one of his favorite characters. You ought to be

real proud of it, Scuffles, seeing as your departed paw liked it so.

SCUFFLES. Well, I ain't proud of it. Seems like there was enough other names running around loose, without his picking on Methusalem.

MRS. T. That's jest the point. Shantytown is jest plum full of Johns and Jameses and Mikeses and Jakeses, but I'll bet a cookie that you are the only Methusalem in this hull town.

SCUFFLES (*to* QUEENIE). Well, anyhow my name ain't Queenie Sheba, no how.

Noise heard outside R. BILLY *beating on a tin pan with a wooden spoon, imitating a bass drum. Boom! boom! boom, boom, boom! Enter marching from R.* BILLY, *followed by* ELMIRA, PUNKY *and three or four other very little children in single file. They carry sticks for guns and wear paper soldier hats. They march once around stage in circle to the time of* BILLY'S *drum.*

BILLY (*standing R. C.*). Maw, we're playing soldiers and I'm the captain.

MRS. T. Ain't that nice now. You certainly do take after your paw, Billy. He never was a soldier man but he belonged to a society what marched. It was the Imperial Order of Woodenmen. You certainly do remind me of the late Mr. Tubbs.

QUEENIE (*at L. C.*). Why was he late, maw?

MRS. T. Why, Queenie Sheba, I'm surprised at you. When I say the late Mr. Tubbs, I mean that he is departed and dead. That's what late means.

BILLY. When I'm late for school, maw, does that mean that I'm departed and dead?

MRS. T. The idee! Ain't you the beatinest child fer askin' questions? Lemme see the army pee-rade again. Hep! Hep! Hep, hep, hep!

BILLY. Come on, maw, and play. I'll let you be the captain.

MRS. T. I ain't got time jest now. All ready. March.

BILLY. All right. All ready. Forward, march. Boom!

boom! boom, boom, boom! (*Beats pan. Children march around room.*)

Enter MISS CAMPBELL *from R.*

MISS C. May I come in?

BILLY. Oh, it's the teacher. Goody, goody, goody! (CHILDREN *surround her.*)

MRS. T. Well, if it ain't Miss Campbell. I certainly am powerful glad to see you. (*Shakes hands.*) You children, don't you dare muss up her new dress. They're playin' soldiers.

MISS C. Yes, I see. Don't let me interrupt the game.

QUEENIE (*crossing to* MISS *C.*). Won't you take off your coat, teacher.

MISS C. Just a moment. (*Removes light jacket.*)

BILLY. Company, 'tention! Forward, march! (*They march out R.*)

MISS C. I'm glad to see you working so hard, Scuffles.

SCUFFLES. Yes'm. I'm making up yesterday's lesson.

MISS C. You weren't at school yesterday. Were you sick? (*Sits at L.*)

MRS. T. Yes, mam, he sure was. He went out in the rain in the A. M. and caught cold in the P. M. That's how come I didn't send him to school.

MISS C. (*laughs merrily*). I trust he is better today.

SCUFFLES. Yes'm, I'm all right now.

MRS. T. It's been right long since you was down here in Shantytown, Miss Campbell. Wiggins has built a new coal shed.

MISS. C. I'm going over to Flannigan's. I hear the baby is sick.

MRS. T. He is only seven weeks old, and they *will* feed him on cold pork. No wonder he's sick.

MISS C. And of course I couldn't go by without stopping and seeing Scuffles and Queenie and my old friend Mrs. Tubbs.

MRS. T. I'm right overjoyed to see you. Scuffles, you and Queenie go over to Mis' Hickey's and borrow some

cookies and about three spoons of tea. I'm goin' to offer you some refreshments, Miss Campbell.

QUEENIE (*gets hat and crosses to door at R.*). Come on, Methusalem. (*Runs out R.*)

SCUFFLES. Tomboy, tomboy, just wait till I catch you. (*Runs after her.*)

MISS C. I don't believe I care for a thing, Mrs. Tubbs. I only want to see the sunshine of your smile and hear the music of your laugh.

MRS. T. You must be makin' fun, Miss Campbell. I ain't got no more music in me than old man Higginbottom's donkey when he sings.

MISS C. I felt so blue today. I thought maybe a little visit here would cheer me up.

MRS. T. You ain't a comin' down with fever, are you?

MISS C. No, I'm perfectly well.

MRS. T. Ain't had a row with your young man, have you?

MISS C. Why, Mrs. Tubbs, dear Mrs. Tubbs, how did you guess?

MRS. T. I didn't guess. I reckon I jest knew. Now come over here and tell me all about it.

MISS C. (*sits beside* MRS. T. *at L.*). There isn't very much to tell. We've agreed to disagree, that's all.

MRS. T. My, my, my. I think that's enough. Don't he still care for you?

MISS C. I think he does; but that isn't it.

MRS. T. Don't you still care for him?

MISS C. Yes, more than anything else in the world.

MRS. T. Well, what's the matter then? Is he skeerd to pop?

MISS C. We neither of us have any money.

MRS. T. What difference does that make, if you've got your youth and your strength and your love? That's worth all the money that was ever made in this whole world.

MISS C. That's just what he says. But I don't believe in marrying without a house to move into. I told him so. And that made him angry. He said I cared more for the house than I did for him. We quarreled. And I haven't seen him for weeks—and I'm so wretched. But he's got to

beg my pardon. I'll have nothing more to do with him until he says he's sorry for what has occurred.

MRS. T. That don't seem jest right, Miss Campbell. Excuse me for saying it, but it seems to me that you're the one who ought to say she was sorry.

Enter QUEENIE *and* SCUFFLES, *quarreling.*

SCUFFLES. I'll teach you to call me names.

QUEENIE. Maw, he hit me and I'll call him names all I want to. I didn't call him nothing but Methusalem, and that's his name, ain't it?

SCUFFLES. No, it ain't.

MRS. T. Why, children, I'm plum ashamed of you. Right in front of the teacher, too. Where's the refreshments?

QUEENIE. Mis' Hickey wasn't at home. They said she was coming over here. And the children didn't darst give us no refreshments.

MRS. T. Ain't that too bad, now.

MISS C. I can't stay any longer, Mrs. Tubbs. I must go over to the Flannigan's. I'll stop here on my way to the car.

QUEENIE. Can't I walk with you over as far as Flannigan's, Miss Campbell?

SCUFFLES. No, you can't. I'm going to walk with her.

QUEENIE. You ain't, neither. She likes girls best.

MISS C. You can both go. If you can spare them, Mrs. Tubbs.

MRS. T. Take 'em and welcome. Be sure and stop in on your way back. I can offer you some refreshments then, I'm sure—if it ain't only bean soup.

MISS C. Good-bye—and thank you so much for your advice. Maybe after all I was in the wrong.

MRS. T. Jest keep smiling and everything is sure to come out all right.

MISS C. Good-bye. (*Exit R., followed by* SCUFFLES *and* QUEENIE..)

MRS. T. Well, I must git back to my ironin'. Folks may come and folks may go, and kingdoms wax and wane, as the poet says, but ironin' must be did. (*Work vigorously.*)

CLINGIE *sticks her head in at L. Her hair is done up in colored curl papers and she wears a dilapidated old wrapper.*

CLINGIE (*mournfully*). Mis' Tubbs!

MRS. T. Come in, Clingie, and rest; you must be tired.

CLINGIE. I guess I will.

Enter CLINGIE *from L. She comes down L. and sits in rocking chair.*

MRS. T. Did you git the heroine and hero married at last?

CLINGIE. Yes. And it was the grandest book I ever read. Little Rosebud's Lover. My, but he could make love.

MRS. T. It must have been real nice.

CLINGIE. It was awful sad. I've cried most all afternoon, 'specially at the pathetic part. That little Rosebud nearly got her heart broken half a dozen times. I thought I heard somebody in here a talking. Did you have company?

MRS. T. Yes. The teacher was here.

CLINGIE. Oh, I thought it might have been a young man.

Enter MRS. HICKEY *from R. with shawl over her head. She comes down R. and sits.*

MRS. H. Howdy do, Mis' Tubbs. Howdy do, Miss Vine. Thought I'd make you a little visit.

MRS. T. Set right down, Ellen. I'm real glad to see you.

MRS. H. I'm in a hurry to git back home. I've got so much work to do that I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels. But I wonder if you've heard the news?

CLINGIE. No, not a word. What is it?

MRS. H. It's the Flannigans. Fur be it from me from sayin' a word agin anybody, but that man carries on like a human volcano, if there ever was sich a thing.

MRS. T. What's he been doing now?

MRS. H. He couldn't pay the rent and Rubbels has ordered them out come the first of the month. And the baby sick and him drinking like a porcupine.

CLINGIE. Ain't that perfectly scandalous? What are we coming to?

MRS. T. I must go right over after supper and take 'em

some of my bean soup. Bean soup don't cost much, but it's powerful fillin'.

MRS. H. It will be a gift straight from the skies. Goodness only knows when they've had a real warm vittle inside their house.

CLINGIE. How awful. (*Rises.*) I'll see if I can't find some turkentime for 'em. Maybe it'll be some help to the baby. Turkentime is certainly a powerful medicine. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. H. Fur be it from me from makin' remarks, but that man Rubbels is the limit. If your rent ain't right in his hand by the twentieth, why out you go.

MRS. T. He ain't really going to turn 'em out, is he?

MRS. H. If he ain't, I'm a widder. It's too bad. Flannigan used to git real good wages afore he took to drink. Fur be it from me from even hinting at sich a thing, but I've heard he beats her.

MRS. T. It wouldn't surprise me at all. When men gits liquor inside of 'em they ain't no more accountable for their actions than a yaller hound dog.

MRS. H. Yes, that's so. But they oughtn't to git it inside of 'em.

MRS. T. Of course they oughtn't to. But men is men the hull world over, and it seems jest like it's a man's nature to do that which they oughtn't to do and to leave undone them things that they ought to have did. That's Scripture.

MRS. H. It does seem that Simon Rubbels ought to give 'em a little more time to pay the rent. That man is a human hippopotamus, Mollie Tubbs, if there ever was one on this green earth.

MRS. T. (*ironing*). Mr. Rubbels ain't what you might call an angel of mercy, but he's got his good points, Mis' Hickey.

MRS. H. Good points? Simon Rubbels? I'd like to know what good points he's got? He's the meanest man in Shantytown or out of it either, fer that matter. What are his good points? Jest tell me what they are?

MRS. T. Well, he ain't a spendthrift.

MRS. H. No, he ain't. Fur be it from me from sayin' anything about any livin' being, but that man is so mean

that he'd put green specs on his old horse and then feed her shavings, makin' her think it was grass.

MRS. T. Oh, Ellen. I'm sure Mr. Rubbels wouldn't do that. And he writes a perfectly grand hand-writing. He's a widder man, ain't he?

MRS. H. I should say he was. Three times removed. His last wife died just afore you moved to Shantytown. Fur be it from me to hint at sich a thing, but there *is* people who say she didn't get enough to eat. And when she come to die she said the pearly gates wouldn't bring her half the joy that she got from biddin' good-bye to this earthly spere of Simon Rubbels.

MRS. T. He was in here yesterday to collect the rent. Clingie is real struck with him.

MRS. H. That poor old maid. She'd git struck with anything that looked like a man, even if it was a scarecrow in the field.

MRS. T. Now, Ellen, Clingie is a real nice girl.

MRS. H. She was a girl when Noah and his fambly went into the ark. Has she got a job yet?

MRS. T. No, not yet. But she's expecting one every day.

MRS. H. And spendin' her time readin' novel books until it comes. I reckon she expects to have the job walk right in at the door and offer itself to her.

MRS. T. Well, she's expecting some money from her lawyer. You see some of her kin was real well off and she was left a heap of money, but she ain't got it yet. It's tied up in the courts.

MRS. H. Yes, and it's liable to stay tied up till Kingdom Come. But I got to be goin'. (*Rises.*) Ain't heard nothin' from your boy Jim, have you?

MRS. T. Not a word. Poor Jimmie. Heaven only knows where he is this night. But I ain't give up hope, Ellen. I know that he'll come home some day; and when he does I'll be right here waiting for him.

MRS. H. Well, I must go. Stop in and see me when you carry the soup over to Flannigan's. (*Exits R. quickly.*)

Enter CLINGIE *from L.*

CLINGIE (*resuming her seat down L. She has a work bag with a long bright red stocking. Large hole in heel and toe which she is mending with black yarn.*) I couldn't find the turkentime no wheres. I certainly do sympathize with the Flannigans. I suppose the baby will die and that Mr. Rubbels will turn 'em out of house and home. And then where will they be at? Answer me that, then where will they be at?

Enter SCUFFLES *from R. He comes down R.*

SCUFFLES. Maw, what do you think? Queenie Sheba's over by the railroad tracks talking to a man.

CLINGIE (*holding up her hands in horror*). My, *my*, my, my! What on earth is this world coming to? Talking to a man!

MRS. T. Well, I don't know as that's goin' to injure her complexion.

CLINGIE. Maybe he's one of these here Back Handers you hear tell of so much. Maybe he's going to kidnap her in a big black bag. If I was you, Mis' Tubbs, I'd go right over and see about it. Maybe she's killed stone dead by this time.

MRS. T. Did he look like a tramp or anything like that, Scuffles?

SCUFFLES (*seated on bucket down R.*). No'm. He was all dressed up.

CLINGIE. Them's the very worstest kind.

SCUFFLES. He was askin' Queenie Sheba questions sum'-pin fierce.

CLINGIE. Maybe he's a police officer or a detective man. Maybe he's going to arrest us all, though fer what gracious only knows! Wouldn't it be jest dreadful if we had to ride in the patrol wagon? I'd be perfectly humiliated with mortification.

MRS. T. What kind of questions was he askin' her, Scuffles?

SCUFFLES. Oh, all about what her name was, and where

she lived, and how many kids there was, and how old we was, and where paw was, and how we made our livin'—

CLINGIE (*rocking down L.*). It's a mystery, Mis' Tubbs. Mark well my words; it's a mystery. It'll all come out in the papers: A Mystery in Shantytown! Maybe they'll print my picture. Something's going to happen as sure as you're born. I can jest feel it in my bones.

SCUFFLES. Queenie told him to come over here and ask you what he wanted to know. And he's coming.

CLINGIE (*rising and dropping things*). Coming here? And me looking like this! Was he a young man, Scuffles?

SCUFFLES. Kind of young. And he had on awful pretty looking clothes. His pants was real tight fittin'.

CLINGIE. Why, Scuffles Methusalem Tubbs, I'm mortified e'en a most to death to hear you use them delicate expressions. It ain't ladylike!

SCUFFLES. Well, he *did*.

CLINGIE (*gathering up her work*). Are you sure he's coming here?

SCUFFLES. He said he was.

CLINGIE. I wouldn't let no mortal livin' man see me like this, especially a young one. What you reckon I'd better costume myself in, Mis' Tubbs?

MRS. T. Why, you look real nice just as you are, Clingie.

CLINGIE. Why, Mollie Tubbs, how you do talk. This ain't my receivin' costume at all. Maybe that man was inquirin' fer me. Maybe he wants to tell me that my fortune has come. Kin I borrow your false front fer a minute? And the paper rose and the kid gloves? You won't object to my wearin' your kid gloves, will you? I'll take real good care of them, and poor dear papaw always used to wear kid gloves when we had company. They're so genteel.

MRS. T. Put 'em on and welcome. But like as not it's only a book agent or a peddler gentleman. (*Pushes ironing table to rear.*)

CLINGIE. Oh, thank you. Your generosity is simply unmitigated. I jest couldn't bear to have a young man see me like this. I never appear in front of no one unbecomingly becostumed.

SCUFFLES. Ain't we no one?

CLINGIE. Little boys shouldn't have sech sharp ears. Of course I meant a man. You entertain him, Mis' Tubbs, until I make my toiletty. Poor dear papaw always used to be so perticular about his costoom. Why, whenever we had visitors papaw always used to dress himself in full evening garbage. Where is the false front, Mis' Tubbs?

MRS. T. (*ironing*). Look under the yeller bowl on the kitchen shelf. I have to keep it there so as Queenie Sheba won't wear it to school. Queenie certainly is proud of her maw's false front.

CLINGIE. Oh, thank you, Mis' Tubbs. You're an angel of gratitude, that's what you are. Is the kid gloves under the bowl, too?

MRS. T. No. They're in my chest.

CLINGIE. In your chest? My, *my*, my, my!

MRS. T. In the top drawer. I'll get 'em for you. And the paper rose, too. That'll make you look real skittish. (*Exits L. followed by* CLINGIE.)

SCUFFLES (*writing down R.*). I can't make no sense out of this 'rithmetic. It's sum'pin fierce.

Enter QUEENIE *from R., escorting* TOM *and followed by* BILLY *and* PUNKY.

QUEENIE (*taking off hat and hanging it up*). This is where we live. Come in and be pleased to sit down. Take off your coat and I'll hang up your hat. Make yourself right at home.

TOM (*gives her his hat*). I'll just keep my coat on. You see I'm only going to stay a few moments.

QUEENIE. Scuffles, take off Punky's hat and help Billy Blossom. Now, mister, you can at least sit down.

TOM (*sits at R. and takes out notebook*). Thank you. You see, I'm the census taker.

BILLY (*leans against* TOM'S *knee*). Census taker? What's that?

TOM. I've come to take the census.

BILLY. I've got eighteen centses in my little tin bank. I'll bet you ain't goin' to get them.

QUEENIE (*sitting in rocking chair down L.*). Billy Blossom, you hush up. That ain't what he wants. He ain't after your money. All he does is to ask questions, and it takes sense to answer 'em—so he calls it taking the census. Ain't that right, mister?

TOM. Well, that's as good as anything. (*Writes.*) First, what street is this?

SCUFFLES (*on bucket down R. with* PUNKY). Street? This ain't no street. This is Shantytown.

QUEENIE. Why, Scuffles Tubbs, where's your manners? (*To* TOM.) You see every house has its own street down here. Some face one way and some another. It makes things more sociable than it would if they was all built along in a straight row.

TOM. I see. Well, I'll leave the name of the street blank.

QUEENIE. Some folks do call it Shantytown. But I don't. Shantytown ain't a very pleasant name, is it?

TOM. Well, no, it doesn't sound very pleasant.

QUEENIE. So I've made up a name of my own. I call it Sunshine Town.

TOM. That's ever so much nicer than Shantytown. Now what is your name?

QUEENIE. Queenie Sheba Tubbs. It's out of the Scripture. She was the lady who came to visit Mr. Solomon.

TOM. Are you the oldest?

QUEENIE. No. Jim's the oldest.

BILLY (*loudly*). No, he ain't, neither. Maw's the oldest. I guess maw is older'n Jim.

QUEENIE (*points to crayon portrait on wall at L.*). That's Jim's picture. We're all awful proud of Jim.

TOM (*making notes*). What's Jim's name?

QUEENIE. James Scotland Tubbs.

SCUFFLES. Then there's Magdalena. You're clean forgettin' Magdalena.

TOM (*writing*). Magdalena. Is that all, just Magdalena?

QUEENIE. No; Magdalena Tubbs, aged sixteen; gone, but not forgotten. That's what it says on the stone.

TOM (*scratching out the name*). Oh, she's dead, is she?

QUEENIE. Yes, sir. Magdalena is in heaven.

TOM. Where does James Scotland work?

QUEENIE. We don't know. Jim ain't here.

SCUFFLES. He's way out west.

BILLY. He runned away.

PUNKY. Wunned away.

TOM (*scratching name*). Well, how old are you, Queenie Sheba?

QUEENIE. Twelve, going on thirteen. And I'm in the fifth grade. Teacher is Miss Campbell.

TOM. Miss Campbell? Miss Maydelle Campbell?

QUEENIE. Yes, sir; and she's an angel fallen right down from the skies.

SCUFFLES. You know her, don't you? I seen you out walking with her once.

TOM. Oh, yes. I know Miss Campbell quite well.

QUEENIE. Are you her beau?

TOM. No, I'm afraid not. You see I'm not rich enough to be Miss Campbell's beau.

SCUFFLES. She was here this afternoon. She is coming back in a few minutes.

TOM. Coming back here?

QUEENIE. Yes, sir. She's over at Flannigan's now. Ain't she got the prettiest pink cheeks? And her eyes—

TOM. Well, who comes next after you, Miss Queenie Sheba?

QUEENIE. Scuffles is next.

TOM (*turning to* SCUFFLES). And I suppose that this is Scuffles?

BILLY. Yes, sir; that's Scuffles.

TOM. What's your name, Scuffles?

SCUFFLES. That's it. Jest Scuffles Tubbs.

QUEENIE. Oh, Scuffles Tubbs, you know that ain't so.

SCUFFLES. 'Tis so. Don't darst to tell him my real name, Tomboy!

QUEENIE. Just for that, I will. His name is Methusalem.

TOM (*whistles in amazement*). Methusalem! Good gracious.

SCUFFLES. 'Tain't neither. Honest it ain't, mister.

TOM. I am sure Methusalem is a very respectable name. No need of you being ashamed of it, Scuffles.

SCUFFLES. I ain't ashamed of it—only I don't like it.

BILLY. And my name is Billy Blossom Tubbs. (*Makes low bow.*)

QUEENIE. And this is the baby. Her name is Victoria Hortensia, but we call her Punky Dunks.

PUNKY. Dat's me—Punky Dunks.

QUEENIE. And Scuffles is 'leven, Billy Blossom's seven, and Punky Dunk's goin' on four.

Enter MRS. TUBBS *from L.* TOM *rises.*

MRS. T. (*coming down and shaking hands with Tom*). I hope I didn't keep you waitin' long, but I come as quick as I could. I had to hook Clingie up the back and it took a right smart spell. Won't you set down and take a seat. Queenie, where's your manners? Didn't she ask you to take off your coat? I'm surprised at her want of hospitibility. (MRS. TUBBS *calmly bends rocking chair toward audience, letting* QUEENIE *slip to floor, and takes her seat.* QUEENIE *sits on floor.*)

QUEENIE. I asked him to take off his coat, but he didn't want to.

MRS. T. Might jest as well be comfortable while you're about it. That's my motto: Take your comforts as they come and keep a-smilin'. Was you wantin' to see Clingie?

TOM. I'm taking the census.

MRS. T. Ain't that nice now. It must take an awful lot of sense to go round and take the census. Have you taken ours yet?

TOM. This little lady has given me the names of the children. Let me see. I have Queenie Sheba and Methusalem—

SCUFFLES. Cut out that Methusalem. I'm Scuffles.

TOM (*laughs*). All right. Scuffles and Billy Blossom and Victoria Hortensia. Is that all?

MRS. T. No. There's Jimmie.

TOM. But he isn't here.

MRS. T. Not for the present. But he's the head of the

fam'ly, and we can't leave Jim out. He's away on his vacation.

TOM. Oh, I see.

MRS. T. (*proudly*). Yes, Jimmie's my first born. There's his picture. I ain't heard from him fer goin' onto three years now, but he's the head of the fambly; so please put him down first. Jimmie was always Mr. Tubbs's favorite offspring.

TOM. Mr. Tubbs is—(*hesitates*). You're a widow, I believe?

MRS. T. Yes, sir. Mr. Tubbs is no more. He's gone but still unforgotten. He was a real handsome man and a member of the Imperial Order of Woodenmen. He's been departed for nearly three years now. He had one failin', did Mr. Tubbs; he was always thirsty. I never in all my born days saw a man as thirsty as he was.

TOM. Oh, he was a bibulous person, was he?

MRS. T. Bibulous? Theodore Tubbs, bibulous? Why, mister, that man didn't know no more about the Bible than my sister's cat's tail. And what's more, I ain't got no sister.

TOM. Well (*writing*), what is your full name?

MRS. T. Mrs. Mollie Minerva Pennypacker Tubbs.

TOM. And what was Mr. Tubbs' full name?

MRS. T. His maiden name was Theodore. That's all. Jest Theodore Tubbs.

TOM. And your age, Mrs. Tubbs?

MRS. T. That's one thing I ain't ashamed of. I'm goin' on forty-eight.

TOM. Occupation?

MRS. T. Widow.

TOM. I mean your calling.

MRS. T. I ain't never been called right strong yet, but I've got a leanin' toward the Episcopals.

QUEENIE. He means what you do for a livin', ma.

MRS. T. Oh, is that it? I'm a laundry lady.

TOM (*writes*). Laundress. And does anyone else live here?

MRS. T. Oh, yes, indeed. I have a lady boarder. She's an aristocracy.

TOM. Indeed. What's her name?

MRS. T. If you jest wait a minute she'll be in herself to answer your interrogatory. She'd never forgive me if I let you go without her getting a look at you. She's now engaged in making a suitable toiletty.

TOM. I'm afraid I can't wait very long. You see I'm in a hurry.

MRS. T. Queenie Sheba, run in and tell Miss Vine that the gentleman wants to see her right away this minute. If she can't come, tell her he ain't goin' to wait. (*Exit* QUEENIE *L.*)

TOM (*ready to write*). What's the lady's name?

MRS. T. Vine. Clingie Vine.

TOM (*laughs*). Well, that's a good one. Of course that's not her real name.

MRS. T. Yes, it is. I think it's real romantical. And it suits her to a t-y, too. You see her maw was a novel reading lady and had an indisposition toward poetry. That's how come her to call her Clingie. The Vine part she inherited from her paw.

TOM. Do your children all go to school, Mrs. Tubbs?

MRS. T. Yes, sir. All except Punky Dunks . I never seen such a school-goer as Queenie Sheba is. She'd go to school in the dead of winter, even if she didn't have a shoe to her back. She takes after her paw. Mr. Tubbs used to write a good deal.

TOM. Oh, he was a literary person, was he?

MRS. T. Yes, sir; he sure was. I never see a man who was more so. Why, he used to litter up the hull household.

TOM (*turns to* BILLY BLOSSOM). And so you are Mr. Billy Blossom?

BILLY. Yes, sir. Do you know what I'm going to do when I get big?

TOM. Why, no. I can't imagine.

BILLY. I'm going to be a census taker.

TOM (*laughs*). You are. What for?

BILLY. So as I can go round and give nickels to little boys what answers what I ask 'em. (TOM *laughs and gives him a coin. They converse in pantomime.*)

Enter QUEENIE *from L. She comes to* MRS. T. *and speaks in loud whisper.*

QUEENIE. Maw, Miss Clingie can't find her waterfall. And your false front don't match the rest of her hair; so she's got to have something to wear on her head.

MRS. T. Tell her to look in the top of my chest and take the white lace tidy. And fer pity's sake make her hurry. This man ain't goin' to stay here all day. Tell her to get a hump on.

QUEENIE. She said fer you to entertain him and to offer him some light refreshments.

MRS. T. I never thought of that. I'll do it. Tell her to pin on the tidy and to hurry. (*Exit* QUEENIE, *L.*) Mister, I'd like to offer you some light refreshments afore you go. Set down and I'll give you a bowl of cold bean soup. You like bean soup, don't you?

TOM (*laughs*). Oh, yes, indeed. But it's nearly time for my supper. If I take a lunch now I'm afraid I'll spoil my appetite for supper. Much obliged, just the same.

MRS. T. You're perfectly welcome. It's real good soup. I made it yesterday and it's flavored with pork.

BILLY. Oh, maw, he gimme a nickel, two of 'em. And he give one to Scuffles and one to Punky Dunks.

MRS. T. I hope you didn't ask him fer it, Billy Blossom?

BILLY. No'm. He just gived it his own self.

Enter QUEENIE *from L. She is very excited.*

QUEENIE (*loudly*). She's comin'. Miss Clingie's comin'.

MRS. T. (*aside to* QUEENIE). Did she find the tidy?

QUEENIE. Yes. And she looks like Mary Queen of Scotland in the history book.

Enter CLINGIE *from left. She walks slowly and with dignity. She is dressed in a man's lounging robe, rather old but gaudy, and trimmed with lace and many colored ribbons. She wears the paper rose, the old kid gloves, the false front and the tidy. She comes to* TOM *and shakes hands affectedly.*

CLINGIE. Delighted, I'm sure. I'm so glad that you have arrived.

MRS. T. (*introducing her with a wave of the hand*). This is Miss Clingie Vine, my lady boarder. (MRS. T. *is seated in rocking chair at L.* SCUFFLES *has removed ironing board from C. and dragged a chair there.* TOM *stands in front of this chair.* CLINGIE *at R. C.* QUEENIE *seated on floor by her mother.* PUNKY *in* MRS. T.'S *arms.* SCUFFLES *seated down R. on bucket.* BILLY *leaning against* TOM'S *chair.*)

TOM. I am pleased to meet you.

CLINGIE (*simpering*). I am pleased, too. What did you say your name was?

TOM (*trying not to laugh*). It's Riordan. Tom Riordan.

CLINGIE. I always did like the name of Tom. My papaw used to have a lovely cat named Tom. Are you married?

TOM. Well, not as yet.

CLINGIE. Isn't that interesting? Won't you set down and be seated?

TOM. Thank you, no. I must be going.

CLINGIE. So soon? Oh, how very sorrowful.

TOM (*with notebook*). I just dropped in to take the census. Your name is Miss Vine, I believe?

CLINGIE. Yes, Miss Clingie Vine. My maw came from one of the old Virginia families. She was a Virginia Hamm. And my poor dear papaw was a Vine. I've got real good connections.

TOM. Single?

CLINGIE. Who, me? Yes, sir; for the present.

TOM. Age?

CLINGIE. Age?

TOM. How old are you?

CLINGIE. Me? Well. (*Pauses.*) I'm just a leetle over twenty.

MRS. T. (*coughs significantly*).

CLINGIE (*looks at* MRS. T., *then turns to* TOM). Well, make it twenty-five.

MRS. T. (*coughs a little louder*).

CLINGIE (*annoyed*). Maybe I'm a little past twenty-five. I'm so forgitful. You might make it thirty.

MRS. T. (*coughs violently*).

CLINGIE (*angrily*). Mollie Tubbs, I won't put another year on my age if you cough your head off. I guess I ought to know how old I am. It's my own age, ain't it?

MRS. T. Excuse me, Clingie. I think I must be gettin' the fluenzy.

TOM (*writing*). Occupation?

CLINGIE. I'm an expecter.

TOM. An expecter? What's an expecter?

MRS. T. She means she's expectin' some money. Her Uncle Timothy died—

CLINGIE. I expect to be a lady of fortune and attainments. It's tied up in the courts. In the meantime, I'm an expecter.

TOM (*shuts book*). Oh, well. I'm much obliged to all. Good-bye.

CLINGIE. Oh, you ain't going, are you?

TOM. Yes, I've got to be on my way.

CLINGIE. Can't we offer you some light refreshment?

MRS. T. No, I've done offered him some soup, but he didn't want it. (*Rap on door at R.*)

BILLY. It's the teacher. She said she was comin' back.

MRS. T. Open the door, Billy. (BILLY *opens door at R.*)

Enter MISS CAMPBELL *from R. She remains near door.*

MISS C. Scuffles, do you and Billy want to walk with me as far as the street car? (*Sees* TOM.) Tŏm!

TOM (*starts toward her*). Maydelle!

MISS C. (*recovering her dignity*). Why, it's Mr. Riordan. Good evening.

TOM (*pauses*). Good evening, Miss Campbell.

MRS. T. (*hands* PUNKY *to* QUEENIE *and rises*). This gentleman is taking our census, Miss Maydelle. Come in and set a spell.

MISS C. I'm afraid I can't now. It's beginning to rain and I must hurry home. May Scuffles and Billy come as far as the car?

MRS. T. That's all right. Run along. Only, boys, don't stop on the way home. There's work to be did and you know it.

TOM. I'm walking over toward the car. Probably you will allow me to escort you, Miss Campbell.

MISS C. Oh, I couldn't think of asking you to put yourself out, Mr. Riordan. Scuffles and Billy will see me to the car.

SCUFFLES. You bet we will. And we don't want no one to butt in, neither. (*Scowls at* TOM.)

TOM. Perhaps I may be allowed to follow you, Miss Campbell?

MISS C. I'm sure I couldn't prevent that, Mr. Riordan.

MRS. T. All our company seems to be goin' at once.

CLINGIE. I can't see why you are in sech a hurry, Mr. Riordan. Now you be sure and let me know when you are going to call again. (*Giggles.*) So that I'll be at home, you know. I go out so much. But I'm always at home in the evenings, after dark. Specially Thursdays and Sunday evenings.

TOM (*after a pronounced pause*). Are you?

CLINGIE. I always like to see my friends on a Sunday evening. Could you come then? Say on next Sunday evening.

TOM. I'm afraid not. I generally go to church on Sunday evening.

MISS C. Come, boys. We seem to be interrupting a tete-a-tete.

TOM. Just a moment. I'm going now. Good-bye. (*Shakes hands with* CLINGIE.)

MISS C. Oh, I don't like to deprive Miss Vine of your company.

MRS. T. No depravity, no depravity, at all, Miss Campbell.

TOM. Good-bye all. (CLINGIE *has not released* TOM'S *hand.*)

CLINGIE. Good-bye. I'll look fer you on Thursday night, then, seein' as how you can't come on Sunday.

TOM. Good-night. (*Draws hand away.*)

MISS C. Good-bye, Mrs. Tubbs and good luck. Good-bye, everybody. (*Exit R.*)

SCUFFLES. I choose to walk on her right hand. (*Runs out R.*)

BILLY. No you can't, neither. You did last time. (*Runs out R.*)

TOM. And I'll be a high private in the rear ranks. (*Runs out R.*)

CLINGIE. Ain't he jest grand. Oh, Mollie Tubbs, he's made a awful impression on me.

MRS. T. Queenie Sheba, you take Punky Dunks and go in and start supper.

QUEENIE. Yes'm, I'm going. (*Exit L. with* PUNKY.)

CLINGIE. I wonder if he's got a sweetheart?

MRS. T. Now, Clingie, don't get excited. It seemed to me that he and the teacher was right good friends.

CLINGIE. I'd a took it more kindly if you and the children would have cleared out and let him say what he wanted to say to me alone.

MRS. T. Excuse me, Clingie. I never once thought of it.

CLINGIE. That teacher certainly did throw out hints to him. She's the most hintinest girl I ever did see.

MRS. T. Maybe he's her beau. (*Sits at C.*)

CLINGIE. The very idea. That's perfectly nonsensical. Why, he's older'n she is. Maybe a year or two. (*Sits L.*)

MRS. T. I've seen him escorting her home from school.

CLINGIE. Ain't that scandalous? And her a public school teacher, too. Pretty goings on, I must say. And right in front of the children. I'll bet she's jest a throwing herself at his head.

MRS. T. Why, Clingie Vine, how you do talk. Miss Campbell is a regular fallen saint right from the skies, if there ever was one. And she jest naturally analyzes the children.

CLINGIE. He was a lovely man. I didn't think he looked overly strong, did you?

MRS. T. He did seem to be a little bit indelicate, but maybe that's jest his looks. Mr. Tubbs himself never was what you might call fat.

CLINGIE. And Tom always was a favorite name of mine. I certainly am glad that I was becomingly becostumed. I'd a died right down dead of mortification if he'd a saw me with anything else on instead of my tea gown. Do you think he'll come a Thursday night?

MRS. T. If he don't, it won't be fer lack of an invitation.

CLINGIE. If he does maybe Mis' Skidmore will let me wear her new dress. And I'm going to borry Mary Hankses purple automobile veil and drape it around my head, and maybe Mis' Kerrigan will let me carry her red and green parasol. I want to look real fetchin'.

Enter MRS. HICKEY *from R. She has a shawl thrown over her head and carries a newspaper in her hand. She is much agitated.*

MRS. H. (*coming down R. C.*) It's me.

MRS. T. Why, Ellen, I'm real glad to see you again. Is it rainin' yet?

MRS. H. Yes.

MRS. T. You jest take off your shawl and set down and have supper with us. We're going to have bean soup and prunes. (*Rises.*)

MRS. H. Oh, I couldn't eat. Oh, Mis' Tubbs, that I should be the bearer of bad news. Dear Mis' Tubbs, are you strong enough to bear it? (*Comes close to* MRS. T.)

CLINGIE. Oh, I'm goin' to faint, I'm goin' to faint.

MRS. T. What's the trouble, Ellen Hickey. Tell me at once. Don't keep me in suspense.

MRS. H. Your boy—

CLINGIE (*wringing her hands*). Oh, somebody's dead. Billy Blossom and Scuffles has got drowned. I know it. I know it. (*Rises.*)

MRS. H. Hush up, Clingie Vine. It ain't Billy Blossom or Scuffles.

MRS. T. Then it's Jimmie. What's happened to him?

CLINGIE. She's going to have hysterics. Wait till I get the camp-fire. Don't tell her till I git it. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. H. My man read it in the paper to me. It's about Jimmie. (*Hands clasped, aspirate voice.*)

MRS. T. Not dead? My Jim ain't dead?

MRS. H. No. Here is the paper. Read it yourself.

MRS. T. You read it to me. I'm so excited.

MRS. H. "Concordia, Kansas."

MRS. T. Where's that at?

MRS. H. Way off. Out of the state. It's an awful long ways.

MRS. T. Go on. Go on.

MRS. H. "An unknown young man was knocked down and probably fatally injured by the Fire Chief's buggy yesterday afternoon. His skull was crushed and there is but little hope for his recovery. Letters in his pocket and papers show the stranger's name to be James Tubbs—"

MRS. T. Oh, my Jim, my Jim.

MRS. H. (*reading*). "But no such name appears in the city directory and no one has recognized him. His death is expected at any minute."

Enter CLINGIE *with bottle.*

CLINGIE. I couldn't find the camp-fire, but yere's some cough medicine. Jest smell of that.

MRS. T. I got to go. (*Exit L.*)

CLINGIE. Oh, my, what is it?

MRS. H. Jimmie's nearly dead in Concordia.

CLINGIE (*sinks in chair at L.*). Oh, I'm real fainty. (*Fans herself feebly.*)

Enter MRS. T. *with hat, cloak and old valise. She is followed by* QUEENIE.

QUEENIE. Oh, maw, where you goin'? I want to go, too.

CLINGIE. Don't let her go. It's rainin' and she'll ketch her death. Where you aimin' to go? (*At L.*)

MRS. T. (*loudly*). I'm goin' to my boy. (*At C.*)

MRS. H. You ain't never goin' way to Kansas? (*At R.*)

CLINGIE. Oh, it's a awful long ways.

MRS. T. There ain't no way too long for a mother's love. I'm a goin' to my boy.

MRS. H. Have you got money enough?

MRS. T. I've taken it all. The Lord'll pervide. I got to get there before it's too late.

CLINGIE. But how'll you ever find the place?

MRS. T. Let me have that paper, Mis' Hickey. Seems like I can hear him callin' to me. Callin' to his mother. Take care of the children, Queenie Sheba. I'm going to my boy. (*This last loud and dramatic. She exits R.* CLINGIE, MRS. H. *and* QUEENIE *stand at door R. looking after her.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Same scene as Act I. Lamp lighted on table down L.

CLINGIE *discovered at table down L. sewing gaudy flowers in a boudoir cap. She hums a little song, holds cap off at arm's length and smiles as if well pleased.*

Enter MRS. H. *after a pause.*

MRS. H. (*coming down R and sitting on bucket*). Evening, Clingie.

CLINGIE. Evening, Mis' Hickey.

MRS. H. Where's Mis' Tubbs?

CLINGIE. Her an' Queenie Sheba doin' up the supper dishes. It certainly is a comfort to have her back home. If she hadn't a got home yesterday, I was prepared to do something desperate, elope or run away or something like that. I never was no hand to manage children.

MRS. H. And it turned out that that sick young man wasn't her Jimmie at all.

CLINGIE. No, he wasn't her Jimmie. And she spent all of that money fer nothin'. It's too bad it wasn't her Jim, then she'd a got some return for her money, even if the young man did die.

MRS. H. Why, Clingie Vine, how you do talk I'll bet a doughnut that Mis' Tubbs don't begrudge a cent of that money, jest fer the joy of findin' out that it wasn't her Jim

who died. We ought to be thankful fer small mercies, as Lorenzo Puddle said when the lightning missed his wife and struck her mother.

Enter MRS. T. *from L.*

MRS. T. (*meeting* MRS. H. *at C. They shake hands*). Why, Ellen Hickey, I certainly am overjoyed at seeing you again. It seems as if I've been away from Shantytown for years and years, instead of only a month.

MRS. H. (*resuming her seat at R.* MRS. T. *sits C.*). Mollie Tubbs, I can't never fergive myself until my dyin' day, for sending you clean out to Concordia on sech a wild-goose chase.

MRS. T. Don't you worry about it, Ellen. I got there just in time to see that it wasn't my Jim. All the way out I was skeerd that I might be too late; but when I found that it wasn't James Scotland, you'll never know what my feelings was. I was real sorry for the poor crushed boy. I nursed him over a week, but it wasn't no use. He died. And maybe some poor mother is waiting fer him to come home this very night, jest like I'm waitin' fer my Jim. Only she'll wait in vain.

MRS. H. It must have cost an awful lot of money to go way out there.

MRS. T. It did. I won't never get cotched up with the rent money till next January. It took every cent I had. But I certainly did have a lovely time on my return. I crossed over mountains and over rivers and went through long black funnels, that would have made you think your last day had come. And I went around curves and seen sights I never expected to have saw this side of River Jerden. I've always wanted to be a traveled lady, and now I've done it.

CLINGIE. Didn't go anywheres near Virginia, did you? That's a perfectly lovely estate. My maw's folks come from Virginia, Mis' Hickey. My maw was a Virginia Hamm.

MRS. T. I don't believe I saw no town called Virginia, but I seen the Ozark Mountains with the sun comin' up

red and blushing rosy behind the hills. It clean took my breath away, it was that grand.

CLINGIE. You certainly are lucky that that boy wasn't your Jimmie. Still he might be dead and buried fer all you know.

MRS. H. Why, Clingie Vine, how you do talk. He ain't neither, Mis' Tubbs. Like as not he's got a good job somewheres and will come home rich and mighty and surprise the whole of Shantytown.

MRS. T. (*sewing on boy's rompers*). Jimmie will come home some day. At least I hope he will, and I trust. And when a person hopes and trusts fer a thing they ginerally git it. Everything is bound to come out right some time. We may not see it at first, but a Power that is greater than we holds us in the hollow of His hand, and that Power is All-Lovin', so things is jest naturally bound to turn out right. Leastwise I ain't goin' to worry. There ain't a bit of use in h'istin' your umbrella until it begins to rain.

MRS. H. Gracious, I wish I could be as cheerful as you be, Mis' Tubbs. I try and try and try, but the blues will come.

MRS. T. Maybe it's because you're trying so hard. I don't ever try to be cheerful. I jest do what I have to do and make the best of it. If I've got something to do that I don't like I jest smile or whistle or sing, and when the blues hears me a singin' they jest naturally git so skeerd that they don't dast to come a-nigh. Mr. Tubbs used to say that my voice would scare anything, so I've tried to make it scare the blues.

MRS. H. What's that you're making, Clingie? It's awful pretty. Is it a nightcap?

CLINGIE (*holds it up*). A nightcap? Of course not. It's a opery cap. To wear when you go to the opery. It's part of my weddin' laundry.

MRS. H. Your weddin' laundry? What's a weddin' laundry?

CLINGIE (*importantly*). The lace and fluffy things a bride has is called her laundry.

MRS. H. Oh, are you goin' to be a bride soon, Clingie?

CLINGIE (*simpering*). Oh, there I've done gone and told my secret.

MRS. H. And who's the lucky man? Fur be it from me from sayin' a word to anybody. If there's one thing I *do* know, it's to keep my mouth shet.

CLINGIE (*hesitates*). Well, I haven't decided on who the man is to be, yet.

MRS. H. It ain't Simon Rubbels, is it?

CLINGIE. Now, Mis' Hickey, how you do talk. What makes you think it's Mr. Rubbels?

MRS. H. He can't afford to hire a hired girl, he says, so he's been huntin' fer a wife for quite a spell. Ever since the third Mrs. Rubbels was taken from him.

CLINGIE. I think he's a perfectly lovely man, don't you?

MRS. H. Clingie Vine, mark well my words. Fur be it from me from insinuating, but if ever there was a human boa-constrictor, it's Simon Rubbels.

CLINGIE. Why, Mis' Hickey!

MRS. H. The woman that marries him will regret it to her dyin' day.

CLINGIE. He's got a lot of money, ain't he?

MRS. H. So folks say, but you take my word fer it, his wife will never see a cent of it that she don't earn twenty times over.

CLINGIE. It won't be that way if she knows how to manage him.

MRS. H. As fer me, I wouldn't run the risk. It ain't likely that Simon Rubbels would buy you a thing. He's lookin' fer a woman to cook fer him and to wash fer him and to iron fer him and to tend the house fer him, to mend his clothes and bake and keep a garden fer him, to raise his hens and gather his eggs and milk his cows and feed his pigs. And in her spare time he'll want her to tend to his grocery store while he goes all over Shantytown collecting his rents. That's the kind of a woman he's looking for. And he won't pay her a cent of wages. He'll buy a weddin' license fer a dollar, stand the preacher off fer his pay, and think that he's done all that is necessary. If I was a widder

and he'd come after me I'd scald him plum baldheaded with a bucket of scalding suds; and that certainly is the truth.

Enter QUEENIE *from R. with basket.*

MRS. T. Queenie, did you get them salt mackerel for breakfast?

QUEENIE. Yes'm. They're in the basket. Mr. Rubbels told me to ask you if you was goin' to be at home this evening. He said he was going to drop by fer a spell.

MRS. H. (*rises*). Simon Rubbels coming here? What did I tell you? Clingie Vine, mark well my words. He's after a wife. And you take the advice of one who wishes you well. If he says matrimony to you, you say scat to him, quicker'n Jack Robinson, or you'll regret it until your born day.

CLINGIE (*rises*). Oh, Mis' Hickey, how you do talk. 'Tain't likely he's comin' over with no matrimonial intentions, nohow.

MRS. H. (*crossing to door at R., turns*). Fur be it from me from sayin' a word again any living mortal man, but if Simon Rubbels ain't a red-headed hippopotamus, there never was one on this here green earth. (*Exits R.*)

CLINGIE. I'm going to put on my pink waist with the red bows. How do you think I look this evening, Mis' Tubbs? (*Funny pose.*)

MRS. T. Jest as fine as silk, Clingie. Ain't many ladies of your age that looks as nice and girlish as you do.

CLINGIE. I hope I ain't got too much color in my face. I always look best when I'm kind of pale. And a subdued light is very becoming to me. In fact the more subdued it is, the more becominger it is. I must go in now and make a more engaging toiletty. (*Exit L.*)

QUEENIE. Maw, is Mr. Rubbels going to get married with her?

MRS. T. Maybe he is, Queenie. Folks say as how he wants a wife real bad.

QUEENIE. Yes'm. And folks say that Mis' Clingie wants a husband just as bad.

Enter SCUFFLES *and* PUNKY *from L.*

SCUFFLES. We've got all the supper dishes washed and wiped.

MRS. T. Ain't that nice, now? Scuffles Tubbs, when you grow up you'll jest make a fine husband.

QUEENIE. When he grows up, he's going to marry Elmira Hickey.

SCUFFLES. I ain't neither. And even if I am, it ain't you, is it?

Enter BILLY *and* ELMIRA *from R.*

BILLY (*coming down R. C.*). Maw, the teacher is over at Mis' Hickey's.

ELMIRA (*goes to* QUEENIE *down R.*). And she's coming over here in a minute.

BILLY. And her beau is over by the railroad tracks.

SCUFFLES (*down L. with* PUNKY). Her beau? Who is her beau? Do you mean that old census taker?

BILLY. Maw, can't we have some singin'? Sing us 'bout the ghostesses.

QUEENIE. Yes, about Robert Lerow and his Dilla.

MRS. T. All right, Robert and His Dilla it is.

(*Song introduced, "Robert Lerow and His Dilla."* (*See page 38.*) MRS. T. *sings first verse, then the children may take turn about singing the other verses, or one good singer may alternate with* MRS. T. *All join in the chorus. Sing the song with much vim and with appropriate gestures. Keep time with their feet on chorus.*)

BILLY (*at conclusion of song*). Now, maw, let's play menagerie.

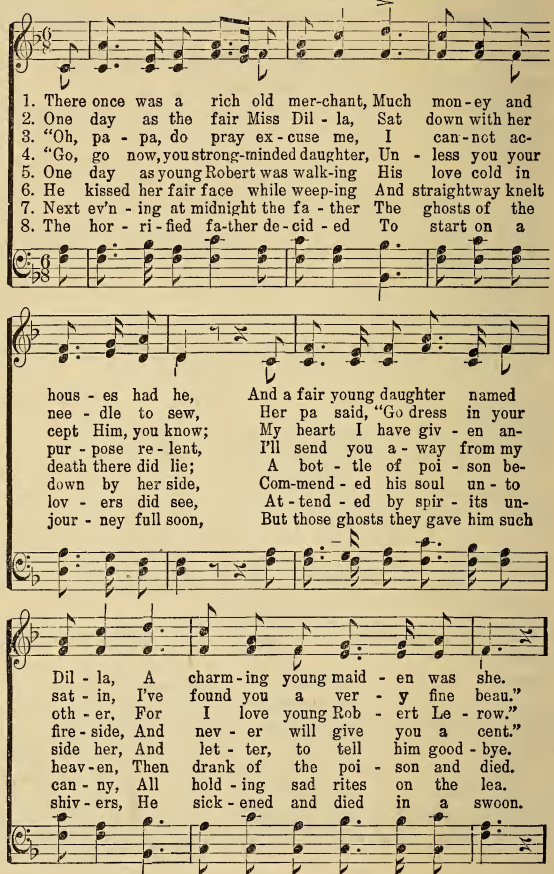
MRS. T. All right. Where's the animals?

SCUFFLES (*getting under table with* PUNKY). Here's the old lion and his little baby wife. (*Roars.*) Oh, ooh!

QUEENIE. I'm the tiger-cat. (*Places chair on floor and gets behind it.*) Now, I'm in my den. Me-ow, me-ow. Come on, Elmira, you be a tiger-cat, too.

ELMIRA (*getting behind chair like* QUEENIE). No, I'm a great big snake. Hiss! hiss! (*All imitate their sounds.*)

Robert Lerow and His Dilla.


1. There once was a rich old mer-chant, Much mon-ey and
2. One day as the fair Miss Dil-la, Sat down with her
3. "Oh, pa-pa, do pray ex-cuse me, I can-not ac-
4. "Go, go now, you strong-minded daughter, Un-less you your
5. One day as young Robert was walk-ing His love cold in
6. He kissed her fair face while weep-ing And straightway knelt
7. Next ev'n-ing at midnight the fa-ther The ghosts of the
8. The hor-ri-fied fa-ther de-cid-ed To start on a
hous-es had he, And a fair young daughter named
nee-dle to sew, Her pa said, "Go dress in your
cept Him, you know; My heart I have giv-en an-
pur-pose re-lent, I'll send you a-way from my
death there did lie; A bot-tle of poi-son be-
down by her side, Com-mend-ed his soul un-to
lov-ers did see, At-tend-ed by spir-its un-
jour-ney full soon, But those ghosts they gave him such
Dil-la, A charm-ing young maid-en was she.
sat-in, I've found you a ver-y fine beau."
oth-er. For I love young Rob-ert Le-row."
fire-side, And nev-er will give you a cent."
side her, And let-ter, to tell him good-bye.
heav-en, Then drank of the poi-son and died.
can-ny, All hold-ing sad rites on the lea.
shiv-ers, He sick-ened and died in a swoon.

Robert Lerow and His Dilla.

MRS. T. Billy Blossom, what are you?

BILLY. I'm the trained mule. And my name is Maud. Hee-haw.

MRS. T. Ladies and gents, I'm going to interduce to you our great menagerie. We have here the biggest and grandest lion ever seen in captivity. His roar is terrible and his mane is long. He's a real nice lion, but he certainly does hate to carry in the wood to get supper. And you orter see him eat. This here lion can eat more bean soup than any other lion you ever heard tell of. And in the cage with him, you behold Punky Dunks, the littlest lady lion that I ever see, and the sweetest. They will now roar for you together. (SCUFFLES *and* PUNKY *roar and shake heads à la lion.*) In this next cage, ladies and gents, I have a tiger-cat who can purr and me-ow as natural as life. She's a powerful good tiger-cat generally, but she is so vain that she wants her maw to curl her hair every Sunday morning to go to Sunday School. Sister Tiger-cat, see if you can't me-ow a little for us. (QUEENIE *me-ows.*) And this here is great, big, long boy-constrictor of a snake. She can hiss and curl all around. She lives in a great big tree called the Hickey House and her name is Elmira, the boy-constrictor. She will now hiss obligingly and twist herself for your benefit. (ELMIRA *does so.*)

Enter TOM. *He stands at rear unobserved, watching the scene.*

BILLY. And I'm Maud the mule. Don't fergit me maw.

MRS. T. And here we have little Maud, the educated mule, who sings real sweet when she is pleased, but kicks real hard when she ain't. I will now lead the hull menagerie in singing the first verse of Yankee Doodle.

(MRS. T. *sings first verse and chorus of Yankee Doodle, all join in,* SCUFFLES *roaring,* QUEENIE *imitating cat,* ELMIRA *hissing and* BILLY *braying. When the noise is at its height,* MRS. T. *turns and sees* TOM.)

MRS. T. Well, if it ain't the census gentleman. Come in and see the menagerie. We having a high jinks.

TOM. You all certainly appear happy.

MRS. T. Well, I guess we are. It takes poor folks to have the good times. Rich folks is always afraid of their furniture and their clothes.

TOM (*comes down C.*). Don't let me interrupt you.

MRS. T. Oh, you ain't. Queenie, turn a chair for Mr. Riordan.

TOM (*sitting C.*). Thank you.

BILLY (*coming and leaning against his knee*). Teacher is over at Mis' Hickey's.

SCUFFLES (*taking* PUNKY *and sitting down L.*). Seems like every time the teacher comes visiting to Shantytown, that we've got to have our census took.

TOM. Mrs. Tubbs, I'm your friend for life. Maydelle has told me all about her talk with you. It worked. I want you to know how grateful I am to you.

MRS. T. Then it's all right, is it? You two have made it up?

TOM. Yes, indeed. And it's all owing to you.

MRS. T. You certainly are getting a prize. Miss Campbell is a queen among women.

QUEENIE (*comes to* TOM). Shake, mister, shake. But please don't marry with teacher until school it out. I want Miss Maydelle until the end of the term.

TOM. That will be all right. She wouldn't think of leaving you until school ends.

SCUFFLES. I don't see why you couldn't leave her alone. I was going to marry her myself, when I got big enough. And now you got to come buttin' in.

TOM. I'll tell you what I'll do, Scuffles. If ever Miss Maydelle needs a second husband, I'll recommend you.

SCUFFLES (*brightening up*). Will you, honest?

TOM (*seriously*). Yes, I will. Honest.

SCUFFLES (*crosses to him*). All right, then. Shake. She's a peach all right.

TOM. You bet she is. (SCUFFLES *returns and sits at R.*)

BILLY. I'll shake hands, too.

TOM. Well, if it ain't my old friend, Mr. Billy Blossom.

BILLY. Do you remember that time that you gave me two nickels.

TOM. Yes, I remember.

BILLY. Ain't nobody ever give me two nickels since then.

TOM. Well, let me see what I've got. (*Opens purse.*) Isn't that funny now? I've got a nickel for each of you. One for Queenie Sheba, one for Miss Maydelle's second husband, Scuffles, one for Billy Blossom and one for Miss Punky Dunks. (*Sees* ELMIRA *standing up L.*) Hello, there's another little girl. You haven't got a new little sister, have you?

SCUFFLES. No. That's my girl. She's Elmira Hickey.

TOM. And here's a nickel for Miss Elmira Hickey.

MRS. T. (*down L.*). Why, Mr. Riordan, ain't you liberal, givin' all that money away. Children, you shouldn't be so insinuating.

ELMIRA. Now, jest fer my nickel, I'll call the teacher. She's over at maw's.

TOM. All right.

ELMIRA (*goes to door at R. and yells*). Teacher, teacher, your beau has come.

MRS. T. Hush up, you, Elmira. Go over and whisper to her. Sech things ain't to be yelled out to the hull neighborhood.

ELMIRA. Yes'm. (*Exits R.*)

Enter CLINGIE *from L.*

CLINGIE. My, my, my, my! If it ain't Mr. Riordan, come to see me. (*Shakes hands.*) I'm simply overcome to see you. Why ain't you called on me before?

QUEENIE (*loudly*). He didn't have time. He's been getting engaged to the teacher.

CLINGIE. Getting engaged? Queenie Sheba, how can you talk so indelicately?

QUEENIE. Well, he has.

CLINGIE. To that young girl? Why, I certainly am overfilled with surprise at you, Mr. Riordan. She's so young and inexperienced. I should have thought you'd choose a older and more settled young lady.

TOM. Oh, Miss Campbell will get older and more settled if we give her time. And then I don't think I want anyone older. Miss Campbell is the only girl in the world for me.

CLINGIE. Mush! (*Crosses to door at L., turns and says loudly.*) Mush! Well, as far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't run after a man, if I never got one. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. T. You mustn't be offended at Clingie, Mr. Riordan. She means well, but she is kinda disappointed, you might say.

Enter ELMIRA *from L. with* MISS CAMPBELL.

MISS C. May I come in?

MRS. T. Come in, and you're as welcome as the violets in Springtime.

MISS C. (*shakes hands with her*). Dear Mrs. Tubbs.

QUEENIE. He's here, Miss Maydelle. We're gettin' our census took again.

MISS C. (*feigned surprise*). Why, Mr. Riordan!

BILLY. Oh, you knowed he was going to be here.

MISS C. (*laughs*). You can't fool Billy. It's all right, Mrs. Tubbs, and I'm the happiest girl in the world.

MRS. T. Take off your things and make yourself right at home.

MISS C. Oh, I couldn't do that. I haven't had supper yet.

MRS. T. Queenie Sheba, go in and see if Miss Clingie left any of them pork and greens. (*Exit* QUEENIE, *L.*)

MISS C. We must be going. It's getting so late. And we're going to invite all of you to the wedding. Ready, Tom?

TOM. All ready.

MRS. T. (*crossing to door R. with them*). You certainly do make a lovely lookin' couple. I'll bake you a cake for the weddin' as sure as my name is Tubbs.

MISS C. You are the salt of the earth. Good-bye.

ALL. Good-bye.

TOM. Good-bye. (*Exits R., escorting* MISS C.)

MRS. T. (*coming down C. briskly*). Now we've had company and had a song and a menagerie. I guess it's time to do a little ironin'.

SCUFFLES. My, it seems we don't do nothin' but work. (*Exit* ELMIRA, *R.*)

MRS. T. That's the reason we're so happy. Folks who's got plenty to do, and who does it, don't never have no time to get the blues. Now, Scuffles, you and Billy Blossom fix the ironin' board for me and I'll have Mis' Doompenstein's clothes done in half an hour.

Enter CLINGIE *from R.*

CLINGIE (*coming down L. and sitting in rocker*). Has that census taker gone yet?

MRS. T. Yes, he went.

CLINGIE. I think he was awful fresh. Some people is too smart to live. I'm glad Mr. Rubbels ain't so awful fresh. He's real mannish, if he is stingy. I jest hate boys.

MRS. T. Now, Clingie Vine, if Mr. Rubbels does come over tonight, don't you do anything rash. Everyone says that man is closter than fleas on a dog's back. You hesitate and ponder well before you consent to become Mrs. Rubbels Number Four.

CLINGIE. I do declare. Everyone seems to think he is going to pop the question. Maybe he ain't got no such intentions—at present. But sometimes I do get powerful tired of being a lady boarder. It would be mighty comforting to have a home of my own. I wonder if he would buy me a new white dress with orange rosettes? Them's all the style now.

MRS. T. (*calls*). Queenie Sheba, fetch me a hot iron.

QUEENIE (*outside L.*). Yes'm.

Enter QUEENIE *with iron. Assists* MRS. T. *with ironing at C.*

MRS. T. (*to* CLINGIE). It ain't likely Mr. Rubbels would buy you a single thing.

CLINGIE. I don't care. If I married him I jest know I could manage him. Why, if I was Simon Rubbels' wife, I'd be the society leader of Shantytown. Mollie Tubbs, my time has come. My fate is approaching. I'm going to marry that man or bust.

MRS. T. But suppose he don't ask you.

CLINGIE. Oh, I'll make him ask me all right. I paid ten cents to the book store and got a book called How to be Fascinating to the Men. It tells about some ladies named Sirens. They used to set on rocks combing their lovely hair and luring sailor men to destruction. I'm going to be a siren to Mr. Rubbels and lead him to a proposal.

MRS. T. (*horrified*). Why, Clingie Vine, I'm most shocked to death. You ain't a going to comb your hair in front of Mr. Rubbels, are you?

CLINGIE. No, I ain't going that far. But I'm going to sing to him. I'm going to be a siren thataway.

MRS. T. You hark to my advice and don't do it. Simon Rubbels wouldn't recognize a siren if he found her floating around in his bean soup. You jest be your natural self, and then if he wants to pop, he'll pop. But if he don't, all the sirens and sardines in creation won't make him.

CLINGIE. But anyhow I ought to sing to him. The book says so. Something sweet like that song that goes "I'm you're sweetheart and you're my beau." Don't you think that might do some good?

MRS. T. No, I don't. If you want to win Simon Rubbels, don't sing to him. Cook for him. That'll win his heart quicker'n any siren business.

CLINGIE. But the book says the men used to be plum crazy after them sirens.

MRS. T. Times is changed. Men don't want no hair-combin', song-singin' sirens nowdays. They want cooks and hired girls.

CLINGIE. I wonder if he really is coming over?

MRS. T. Of course he is. He wouldn't have said so unless he was. Simon don't waste no unnecessary words. He don't waste nothin'.

CLINGIE. I think I'll carry a red rose in my hand. It'll make me look so poetical. I got a red one from my old summer hat.

MRS. T. You can wear the kid gloves if you want 'em. They're in the chest.

CLINGIE. I hope he won't beat around the bush. I'm so nervous. I hope he'll get het up to the popping point right

away. Do you think I ought to act coy and girlish or shy and timid.

MRS. T. Jest be economical and active. That's what he wants in a wife. Economy and work.

CLINGIE. I wonder what time it is. (*Rises.*) I'm so nervous. I've never had a marriage proposal before. Don't forget to call me as soon as he sets foot in the house. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. T. Get me another hot iron, Queenie. (QUEENIE *exits L.*) Did you take Mis' Warren's wash home, Scuffles?

SCUFFLES. Yes'm. Here's the money. (*Gives coin.*) She said she'd pay fifty cents this week, but that she wouldn't do it again. She said you ought only to charge a quarter.

MRS. T. A quarter? Fer thirty-six pieces and me furnishin' the soap, starch and bluin'. I can't afford to do it.

Enter QUEENIE *from L. with iron.*

SCUFFLES. And Miss Moccabee don't want me to come for hers no more. She says she's going to get it did at the New Laundry.

MRS. T. I dunno what's going to become of us, everyone is so took with the New Laundry. And me spendin' every red cent for my trip to Kansas. Do you know I won't be able to pay the rent fer quite a spell. Do you think Mr. Rubbels will trust me?

SCUFFLES. He'd better, or I won't allow him to marry Miss Clingie.

QUEENIE. Mis' McCuddy said she was goin' to send her wash to the New Laundry, cause they do family work at reduced rates.

MRS. T. Well, maybe if the worse comes to worst I can get a job down there. There's never no loss without some gain. I found that out when a hunk of wood I was choppin' flew up and knocked out my front tooth.

QUEENIE. Seems like that was all loss and no gain.

MRS. T. Not a bit of it. I can bite buttonholes now jest as natural as life.

BILLY (*who has been standing near door R.*). Maw,

somebody's comin' in the gate. (*Peeks out of door.*) It's Mr. Rubbels.

MRS. T. And jest look at this house. I don't want him to think we work all the time. (*Flies around.*) Queenie and Scuffles, put away that ironin' out of sight. Billy Blossom, tell Miss Clingie her beau has came. (*Exit* BILLY *at L.*) Put that ironin' board away, Scuffles. Gather them clothes and throw them in the basket, Queenie. Now carry it in the kitchen. (*Exit* QUEENIE, *L., with basket of clothes.*) Scuffles, take Punky Dunks in, and all you children git ready for bed. (*Has been running around with hot iron in her hand. She puts it on chair at R. and runs up and opens door at L.*)

Enter MR. RUBBELS, *dressed in an old-fashioned suit, old overcoat, red muffler, mittens and hat.*

MR. R. I thought I was never goin' to be let in, and it's gettin' colder and colder every minute.

MRS. T. Oh, excuse me. I was jest sending the children to bed. Do come in and take off your things and set.

MR. R. (*removing coat, muffler and hat*). It's goin' to snow before mornin'. I never was so cold in my life. The wind's from the north.

MRS. T. Is it? That means rain, don't it?

MR. R. No, it don't. It means ice, cold and winter and coal bills to pay. That's what it means. I hate winter. Costs so much to keep warm.

MRS. T. Set down and I'll call Clingie.

MR. R. It's colder'n blazes in this house. (*Sits L. on iron.*) Ouch! (*Screams and jumps up.*)

MRS. T. Oh, dear me, you must a set on the flatiron. Was it hot?

MR. R. Hot? I should say it was. What you tryin' to do? Burn me to death?

MRS. T. Oh, I'm so sorry. Give it to me. (*Puts it on table.*)

MR. R. You must have been ironin' late.

MRS. T. (*standing R. of table*). Yes. I had some extry work to do. On account of my trip to Kansas.

MR. R. (*admiringly*). You're a great hand at working. Ain't a woman in Shantytown kin do as much work in as little time as you kin. (*Crosses to table.*) That's what I like about you. My feelings is real friendly and I want you to know it. (*Loudly.*) My feelings—(*brings his hand down on iron.*) Ouch! (*Screams.*) Say, for goodness sakes, take that flatiron to the kitchen before I burn myself to a cinder.

MRS. T. Yes, sir. (*Takes iron and crosses to L.*) I'll send Clingie right in. (*Exits L.*)

MR. R. I don't want no Clingie. What's she think I want with that old maid?

Enter CLINGIE *from L. She poses at door and looks at* MR. R. *sentimentally.*

CLINGIE. If it ain't Mr. Rubbels! I'm so delighted to see you, Simon. You ain't never called on me before and I'm so lonesome here. (*Crosses to him and shakes hands, retaining his hand.*) You're looking awful well, Mr. Rubbels.

MR. R. Think so? Well, I ain't feelin' as good as I look. (*Tries to disengage his hand.*)

CLINGIE. Why don't you come over and see me oftener? You must be awful lonesome livin' all by yourself. It must be real dreadful to be a widder man like you are, without a kith or a kin in the whole world.

MR. R. (*trying to withdraw hand*). Say, that's my hand. Ain't you done shakin' it yet?

CLINGIE. Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm so forgetful. Now set down right here by me and let's be real cosy.

MR. R. (*sits R. wth* CLINGIE. *He is uncomfortable.*) Where's Mis' Tubbs?

CLINGIE. She's puttin' the children to bed. She won't come in to disturb us. We're all alone, jest you and me. And ain't it comfortable?

MR. R. No, it ain't. It's colder'n blue blazes.

CLINGIE. Maybe I can poke up the fire. It's in the kitchen.

MR. R. How long has Mis' Tubbs been back from Kansas?

CLINGIE. She got back today. It wasn't her Jimmie at all. It was another James Tubbs who was injured.

MR. R. And so she spent all that money fer nothin'?

CLINGIE. Yes. Ain't it awful? And she can't afford it, neither. Since the New Laundry started she can't hardly make both ends meet.

MR. R. I wonder if she's ever thought about gettin' married?

CLINGIE. Oh, no. She wouldn't marry the best man living. She's too old. She ain't like me. Now I was just cut out to be a married lady.

MR. R. Oh, you was, was you?

CLINGIE. Yes, sir. I git so lonesome jest bein' a lady boarder. And then I've got some money coming to me. It's in the courts.

MR. R. How much?

CLINGIE. Oh, I don't know. My uncle left it to me. But somebody tried to break the will and there is no tellin' when it will come. In the meanwhile I'm jest expectin'.

MR. R. You'll never get a cent of it. When the lawyers git through with a case they gobble up every cent. But I wonder why Mis' Tubbs don't come.

CLINGIE. What do you want her to come fer? Ain't you comfortable?

MR. R. I come over to see her. I want to ask her—

CLINGIE. To see *her?* To see Mis' Tubbs?

MR. R. Yes, to see Mis' Tubbs. What did you think I come fer? To see *you?*

CLINGIE. I thought you wanted to marry me.

MR. R. What! (*Jumping up.*) Not on your life. I don't want no old maid like you. I want to git married with Mis' Tubbs.

CLINGIE (*rises*). Old maid! Old maid! Oh, I'm going to faint. Never in all my life before have I been insulted. And by you, too, the meanest, ugliest old miser in the whole town. Old maid! I'm a goin' to sue you fer slanderosity, Simon Rubbels, if it's my last act. Old maid! I got a notion to scratch your ugly old face. (*Starts toward him.*)

MR. R. (*backing away to C.*). Mis' Tubbs, Mis' Tubbs! (*Loudly.*)

Enter MRS. T. *from L. She comes down C.*

MRS. T. My goodness gracious, what's the matter? What's ailing you, Mr. Rubbels? Are you sick? Clingie, what's the matter?

CLINGIE (*loudly*). You'd better ask him what's the matter. He's a human hippopotamus, if there ever was such a thing. Mis' Hickey was right. He's a criminal. (*Crosses to door L.*) Oh, would that I had never seen his face (*weeps*), would that I had never seen his face. (*Exits L., weeping.*)

MR. R. What's the matter with that woman? Is she crazy?

MRS. T. No, she ain't. She's as nice a girl as ever lived. What you been saying to her?

MR. R. You'd better ask what she's been sayin' to me. She wanted me to marry her.

MRS. T. Well, that's what you came over fer, ain't it?

MR. R. No, it ain't. Not by a long chalk. I come over to visit you, not her. Why, I wouldn't marry her if she was the only woman on earth.

MRS. T. I'm afraid Clingie misunderstood you.

MR. R. (*sits L.*). Yes, I'm afraid she did.

MRS. T. I'd better go and see if I can help her.

MR. R. Oh, she'll get over it in a minute. Set down. I want to talk to you.

MRS. T. (*sits C.*). Why, you didn't come over to pop the question to *me,* did you?

MR. R. Yes, I did. I'm a man of few words, Mis' Tubbs. Now short, sweet and to the point, will you marry me?

MRS. T. Short, sweet and to the point—I will not.

MR. R. But, Mis' Tubbs—

MRS. T. I'm right sorry to have to decline your question, Mr. Rubbels; but all my love that ain't buried in the grave with the late Mr. Tubbs, is taken up with my children.

MR. R. But I'd make you a real good husband.

Mrs. T. I don't doubt it, the least in the world. But my first match was a love match, and it's bound to be my last.

Mr. R. But I got money, Mis' Tubbs. More'n anybody else in this part of town. I'll buy you a silk dress. If you marry me, you can have the desires of your heart.

Mrs. T. Oh, if I only could. My first desire would be to have my wanderin' boy Jimmie back home again. You couldn't give me that!

Mr. R. Maybe not. But I got money and could give you a good home. You've had a hard time of it since Mr. Tubbs died, and you're havin' a harder time than ever since the New Laundry opened. It ain't no picnic to support four children.

Mrs. T. I know—I know it. But it ain't to be. Now Clingie would make you a real nice wife.

Mr. R. Don't mention her name to me. She's a do-nothin' and a novel reader.

Mrs. T. Why, Mr. Rubbels, she's real nice. She ain't what you might call very energetic, but then she talks real good language and her maw was a Virginia aristocracy. Clingie's real genteel.

Mr. R. I didn't come here to talk Clingie. I come to talk Mis' Tubs. I know you're havin' a hard row to hoe and you're makin' a big mistake by not accepting my offer. The winter is coming on, your work is falling off, you got to keep a roof over your head, you owe me two months rent now—

Mrs. T. I know it. My best customers is all gone back on me. I'm desperately poor. I owe you fer grocery vittels as well as rent. I hardly know where to turn.

Mr. R. (*crosses to her*). You turn right here. I'm the very man to help you. You're a good worker and a cheerful woman. I dunno's there's a woman in the hull country more suited to be the bride of Simon Rubbels than you be. I've been lonesome for goin' on three years now—and I want a wife.

Mrs. T. Why do you pick me out?

Mr. R. Cause you're so handy to have around the house. And then you're real handsome, too. And saving.

MRS. T. If I'd marry you, you wouldn't expect me to love you, would you?

MR. R. Not at all; not at all. That ain't necessary.

MRS. T. Poor, dear departed Mr. Tubbs always used to say to me, "Mollie," he says, says he, "You won't need never come to want; if the worse comes to worst, you can always git married." I never thought of it before, but it does seem as if the worse has come to the worst.

MR. R. Then there is some chance fer me. (*Kneels at her feet.*) Mis' Tubbs, Mollie, will you be mine? We can put the children in the Orphan's Home and begin housekeeping jest like a young bride and groom.

MRS. T. Simon Rubbels, get up off from my floor. Did you say we'd put the children in the Orphan's Home? And me a mother?

MR. R. Well, you couldn't expect me to pervide fer another man's four children, could you?

MRS. T. No, I wouldn't expect *you* to do a thing like that.

MR. R. But I'd give you a real good home.

MRS. T. I ain't anxious fer a home, Simon Rubbels. What kind of a home would it be for a mother, if her children ain't with her? If you want Mollie Tubbs, you've got to take the whole kit and bilin', Queenie Sheba, Scuffles Methusalem, Billy Blossom and Victoria Hortensia Punky Dunks.

MR. R. Oh, I never could support such a big family.

MRS. T. Then there's your hat and coat, and likewise your woolen muffler. Don't let me keep you, if you're in a hurry.

MR. R. Then maybe you can pay me the money you owe me fer rent and grocery vittels?

MRS. T. Oh, no. Why, I ain't got a cent in the house.

MR. R. More'n likely the children will have to go to a Home anyhow, and you'll be turned out in the Winter streets. What you goin' to do then?

MRS. T. (*loudly*). What am I going to do? I'm going to work! Do you hear, Simon Rubbels. I'll work my fingers

to the bone if need be, but my children ain't a goin' to starve. (*Stares at him defiantly. If this speech is given with accelerated force, it is sure of a "hand" from audience.*)

MR. R. You're excited now, Mis' Tubbs. If you say the word I'll marry you and give you a good home and see that your children are well taken care of. And what's more, I'll have your boy Jimmie brung home to you?

MRS. T. How can you do that?

MR. R. With money. I'll hire a detective to find him for you. They'll publish his picture everywhere with a letter saying, "Come home." He'll see it and your boy will be back quicker'n scat.

MRS. T. If you bring my Jimmie home to me I'll marry you tomorrow.

MR. R. I've got to go down to Flannigan's to collect the rent. I'll be going back in a few minutes. Now you think over what I've said, and if you are willing, just set a light in the window, and when I see it I'll know that you have consented. Then I'll come in. Good-bye for the present. (*Exit R.*)

MRS. T. I've got a notion to do it. He wouldn't have the heart to send the children to the Home. And he'd bring Jimmie home. Oh, I'd give anything in the world to have Jimmie home again.

SCUFFLES *sticks his head in at L.*

SCUFFLES. Has he gone? (*Enters from L.*) Has he gone?

MRS. T. Yes, he's gone. For the present.

Enter QUEENIE *and* BILLY *from L.*

QUEENIE. What did he want, maw?

MRS. T. Why, Queenie Sheba Tubbs, why ain't you in bed?

BILLY. Oh, maw, Miss Clingie's boiling mad, that's what she is.

QUEENIE. She come near having the high strikes, and then she fainted plum dead away.

MRS. T. What's she doing now?

SCUFFLES. She's a packing up all her things in a newspaper. She's jest throwing everything all around. Is she going to leave, maw?

MRS. T. As like as not. Clingie certainly is a long time makin' up her mind, but when she's sot, a steam-shovel himself couldn't unset her.

SCUFFLES. She says that you are deceitful.

QUEENIE. And that you tried to lure Mr. Rubbels away from her.

BILLY. Oh, maw, you ain't a goin' to marry that old man, are you?

QUEENIE. Of course she ain't. She wouldn't marry him. He's too stingy.

BILLY. Why don't you marry the census taker, maw? He gived me two nickels and old Ruffels never give nobody nothing.

MRS. T. I ain't said that I was goin' to marry no one, yet.

SCUFFLES. Mis' Clingie said that's what you're aimin' to do.

QUEENIE. Oh, maw, please don't marry with him. He's the meanest man in Shantytown.

SCUFFLES. And the stingiest. Every kid down here's got it in fer him.

MRS. T. Hush, Scuffles, you mustn't talk thataway. Mr. Rubbels ain't near as bad as some folks make out. He's offered to have a detective gentleman hunt all over creation for your brother Jimmie.

QUEENIE. I won't go to his house to live. Never, never, never! I'll run away and be an orphan in the 'Sylum before I'll live at his house.

SCUFFLES. No, you won't. I'll take care of you. We'll all run away together. Me and you and Billy and Punky Dunks. I'll go to work and support you.

BILLY. No, sir. Billy Blossom ain't never goin' to run away from maw.

MRS. T. (*hugs him*). My Billy!

QUEENIE. Why, maw, Rubbels would beat us. They say he used to beat his other wife. He might beat you.

MRS. T. But we wouldn't have to work and half starve the way we do now.

QUEENIE. I don't care if we do have to work and are half starved. I'd rather be whole-starved, and all of us together, than to have Simon Rubbels beatin' you around.

BILLY. If Simon Rubbels beats my maw, I'll beat him.

SCUFFLES. Oh, maw, you didn't promise him you'd marry him, did you?

MRS. T. No, I ain't promised. But I reckon he'd make you a real nice step-paw.

BILLY. No, he wouldn't. He'd be bad to us. I know it.

QUEENIE. I never could stand him; never. Oh, maw, don't do it. Let me go out to work. I'll support the family.

SCUFFLES. So'll I. Let me get a job, too. I guess I can take care of you without old Rubbels buttin' in.

MRS. T. Well, it's long past your bedtime. Go in and get ready for bed. Don't cross the bridge before you git to it. I ain't married to him yet.

QUEENIE. But, maw, promise—

MRS. T. I'll promise to do what I think is best. In with you, now. It's bedtime.

BILLY. Will you come in and tell us good-night? (*Crosses L. with* QUEENIE.)

MRS. T. Of course I will. Run along. (*Exeunt* SCUFFLES, BILLY *and* QUEENIE.) It's going to be hard for them, hard for them. (*Crosses and puts light in the window.*) But there's no other way. I'll have to marry him. I want my Jimmie back again.

Enter CLINGIE *from L. She has numerous bundles, bird cage, etc., and wears hat and coat.*

CLINGIE. My heart is broke. Good-bye, Mollie Tubbs. I'm going out in the cruel world, and if I die you can lay it at your door. I never dreamed that you'd be deceitful.

MRS. T. Why, Clingie, I—

CLINGIE. Not another word. The die is cast. What's did is done. I'm leaving your house forever. (*Crosses to door at R.*) I'll spend the night at Mis' Hickey's. Who can tell what the morning will bring forth? If I ever can

forgive you, I'll come and tell you so. My heart is broke by the perfidy of man and the deceit of woman. Farewell, farewell forever. (*Exit R.*)

MRS. T. And there goes two dollars a week. Oh, there ain't no help for it. Everything is agin me. No work, no money, and now I've lost my boarder. (*Sits C. and bows head and weeps.*) I got to do it, I got to do it. (*Cries.*)

Enter PUNKY DUNKS *in old white nightgown and bare feet. She comes to* MRS. T. *and leans against her knee.*

PUNKY. Mamma, tiss Punky. She yants to do to sleep.

MRS. T. (*drawing* PUNKY *to her*). My baby, my baby. (*Takes her in arms.*)

PUNKY. Punky loves oo, mamma. (MRS. T. *sings* PUNKY *to sleep.*)

MRS. T. I wouldn't give this here minute with these little arms around my neck, and these baby kisses for ten thousands years of Simon Rubbels. I've got my babies and I've got their love, and all the money in the world can't take that from me. And he'd put them in the Orphan's Home. (*Blows out light in window.*) There, Mr. Simon Rubbels, the honorable Mrs. Tubbs respectfully declines your offer of matrimony.

SLOW CURTAIN.

Act III.

Same scene as Act I. Queenie *is discovered in C. ironing with* Scuffles *arranging clothes for her. Big basket of clothes stands at R. C.* Punky *is seated in soap box down R. playing with rag doll.* Billy *is making a kite, seated on floor near* Punky.

Punky. Billy Blossom.

Billy. What you want?

Punky. Pull Punky. Be a horsey.

Queenie. Now, Punky Dunks, you jest set still and play with your doll. I ain't goin' to have no horsies in my kitchen. Horsies belong in the stable. Just as soon as we get through this ironing Scuffles and you and me and Billy Blossom will play horsie out in front, and I'll be the horsie.

Enter Elmira *from R. followed by two or three children.*

Elmira. Maw said we could come over here and play.

Queenie. Come in. We'll be through in a minute. Then we'll play hide-and-seek over by the tracks.

Elmira (*coming down to* Billy). What you makin', Billy? A kite?

Billy. Yep.

Elmira. I got a kite at home. A real nice one. Maw got it at the store.

Billy. Humph! I don't like store kites. They can't fly as good as home-made kites. They don't have enough tail.

Elmira. Everything is awful quiet today. All the men is home. I wonder why they didn't go to work.

Scuffles. Humph! Anybody knows that. It's Thanksgiven.

Elmira. What's Thanksgiven?

Queenie. I read about it in a book. It's where you eat turkey and punkin' pie and things.

Billy. Will we eat turkey and things?

Queenie. I guess all we'll eat will be the things. Thanksgiven don't come to Shantytown.

ELMIRA. I'll bet turkey tastes just grand.

SCUFFLES. Ain't you never et no turkey?

QUEENIE. Why, Scuffles Tubbs, just listen to your grammar? What would Miss Campbell say? "Ain't you never et no turkey." That ain't good grammar.

SCUFFLES. It is, too. (*Pause.*) Well, what ought I have said?

QUEENIE (*importantly*). You ought to have said, "Ain't you never ate no turkey"—not "et no turkey."

SCUFFLES. What difference does it make? She knowed what I meant.

QUEENIE. Knew, knew.

SCUFFLES. Ain't nothin' new about it. I've et turkey hunderds of times.

ELMIRA (*rapturously, with gesture*). Oh, Scuffles, what does it taste like?

SCUFFLES (*thinking*). Well, it's sort of like chicken, only it ain't so juicy. And there's lots more of it.

BILLY. Is it a great big chicken?

SCUFFLES. Well, I guess it is. Big? Why, a turkey is a chicken's grandpaw.

ELMIRA. Oh, it must be just grand.

QUEENIE. Rich folks always eat turkey on Thanksgiven.

ELMIRA. But what *is* Thanksgiven?

QUEENIE. Oh, it's a day.

ELMIRA. But why is it special? Why do they call it Thanksgiven?

QUEENIE. If somebody gives you a turkey, it's given, ain't it? That's the given part. Then you say, "Thanks"—and that makes Thanksgiven.

BILLY. I wish somebody would given me a turkey.

SCUFFLES. It's awful good. They have cramberries and giblet gravy and stuffin'. Ah, say, it's swell.

ELMIRA (*haughtily*). Humph! We had meat last night at our house!

SCUFFLES. That's nothin'. We have meat every other day, nearly.

ELMIRA. I like pork chops best.

QUEENIE. We like Irish stew. You can never tell what you're going to be eating, until you taste it.

SCUFFLES. Turkey is the best of all.

BILLY. No, it ain't. It ain't as best as pie. Apple pie is best.

PUNKY. And ice cweam.

QUEENIE. Get a hot iron, Scuffles. (*Exit* SCUFFLES *L. with cold iron.*)

ELMIRA. Whole lots of folks went to church this morning. And the church bells all rung. Is it like Sunday?

QUEENIE. I don't see how it can be like Sunday when it's only Thursday.

Enter MRS. T. *from L.*

MRS. T. (*looks around*). Well, ain't this nice. If we ain't havin' a surprise party, then my name ain't Mollie Tubbs. Queenie Sheba, you run over to the grocery and get a nickel's worth of winnywursts. I guess we can have refreshments, even if Miss Clingie ain't with us no more. Be sure and pick out the biggest winny's, Queenie Sheba.

QUEENIE. Grocery ain't open. It's Thanksgiven.

MRS. T. Thanksgiven? Why, so it is. And here I've been workin' all day, jest as if it wasn't a holiday. Put up that ironin' board, Scuffles; bring me a clean apron. Bring the white one. (*Exit* SCUFFLES, *L.*) It's a lucky thing I got the clothes out on the line. Now we ain't got a blessed thing to do until they dry. We'll have a Thanksgiven celebration.

ELMIRA. What is Thanksgiven, Mis' Tubbs?

BILLY. Can we have Thanksgiven without somebody gives us a turkey?

MRS. T. Lawsy, yes. Of course we can. Poor folks can have Thanksgiven as well as rich ones.

Enter SCUFFLES *from L. with white apron.*

SCUFFLES. This is your Sunday apron, maw.

MRS. T. (*puts it on over other one*). I know it. Now you all set down and I'll tell you about Thanksgiven. Scuffles, put the ironin' board across two chairs, so as all can have comfortable seats. We'll have a regular service.

ELMIRA (*claps hands*). Oh, goody, we're going to have a service.

BILLY. Maw, is a service what you can eat?

MRS. T. Billy Blossom, I never see you beat in the eatin' line. All set down now and act orderly. First, we ought to sing.

QUEENIE. I want to set at the head.

SCUFFLES. No, me. I'm the head of the family.

MRS. T. You ain't neither, Scuffles Tubbs. James Scotland is the head of this family, and don't you forgit it.

SCUFFLES. But he ain't here.

MRS. T. That makes no difference. Queenie, you can sit first. Now what do you wanta sing.

BILLY. Want to sing "Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it—"

MRS. T. Billy Blossom Tubbs, where's your etiquette?

BILLY. I forgot it, maw. Do I have to have a etiquette?

MRS. T. I mean your manners. "Doing it" ain't no Thanksgiven song.

ELMIRA. I know a song. It's real pretty. They sing it at the picture show.

MRS. T. What is it, Elmira?

ELMIRA. "She was Only a Poor Working Girl."

MRS. T. I guess we don't know that. I know what we'll sing. Thanksgiven is sorter like the Fourth of July, seeing as the President orders it. Let's sing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Your paw always used to be real fond of that. Seems like I kin jest shut my eyes and hear him singing now. He sung soprano in the church choir fer years. He didn't always hit the right tune, but he was powerful strong on them high notes.

QUEENIE (*starts off key*). "My country, 'tis of thee—"

MRS. T. Hold on, Queenie. Hold on; wait fer the balance of us. You got the words all right, but you're a little twisted as to the tune. All together now. When my hand goes up, sing.

(*They sing first and last stanzas of "America."*)

MRS. T. Now, that's what I call mighty fine singing. Next thing on the programmy is to salute the flag of our country, Old Glory. Billy Blossom, git my little flag. (BILLY *gets small, cheap flag from table drawer.*) If there is one thing I'd like to teach you all today, it's to be patriotic. Love your country and stand up for it, to the last ditch. Poor folks can love their country jest the same as rich folks. And better. Rich folks have so many automobiles and plum-puddings and poodle dogs and sich fandangoes to love, that sometimes they forgit all about their country. I've always noticed that when the country needs men to fight and women to cheer 'em on, it's ginerally the poor folks who stand up and say, "I'm ready, Uncle Sam, if there's any scrappin' to be did, I'm your man." Now, hold the flag, Punky Dunks. Now, salute. All ready. Go!

ALL (*in unison, slowly and distinctly*). I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

ELMIRA. Teacher, I know a piece. It's real nice. It's about little Goity Moiphy.

MRS. T. About Gertie Murphy? Why, we'll have a regular theater show. The next announcement on the programmy is Madame Elmira Hickey, who will speech about Little Gertie Murphy.

SCUFFLES. Oh, give us sumthin' new. I've heard that 'bout a hundred times.

MRS. T. Hush up, Scuffles Tubbs. It ain't polite for the audience to butt in while the show is goin' on. Ladies and gents, this is Madame Hickey.

ELMIRA (*comes C. and makes low bow*). This subject is Little Goity Moiphy.

SCUFFLES. Go ahead, Goity.

ELMIRA (*recites with sweeping gestures*).

Little Goity Moiphy,
She coitainly was a boid,
She lived in Toity-second Street,
A block from Toity-toid.

She read the Sunday Joinal,
She read the Sunday Woild,
And all the boys liked Goity
When Goity's hair was coiled.

(*Bows low and takes seat. Applause.*)

MRS. T. Wasn't that nice, now? That teaches us a lesson. Always keep your hair curled and your face and hands as clean as possible, and then folks will like you.

1ST BOY. I've got a song I want to sing, teacher.

MRS. T. All right. We kin stand it if you kin. Stand up here and let her go, Gallagher. We'll all join in the chorus. Mr. John Jacob Professor Huckleberry will now render fer us a song. (*Specialty introduced.*)

BILLY. Oh, maw, let's have Thanksgiven every day.

MRS. T. That's jest what we ought to do. Be thankful each day.

QUEENIE. We're so poor that we ain't got much to be thankful for.

MRS. T. Why, Queenie Sheba Tubbs, I'm mortified most to death to hear them sentiments from you. Ain't got much to be thankful for. Why, you ain't blind, are you? Nor you don't limp and you ain't got bleached hair. And you don't have the sciaticy rheumatism, do you?

QUEENIE. No'm, I don't have none of them.

MRS. T. Well, you ought to be thankful for that. Scuffles, what are you thankful for?

SCUFFLES. Cause I got a good home and plenty to eat and 'cause I ain't got freckles like Queenie Sheba has.

QUEENIE. Well, I'm thankful that my name ain't Methusalem.

ELMIRA. I'm thankful for lots of things . For not being sick and for having a dog and a cat, and for going to school—

SCUFFLES. I ain't thankful for that.

MRS. T. Billy Blossom, what are you thankful for?

BILLY. Me? Why, I'm thankful cause I've got you.

ELMIRA. How can we show when we're thankful, Mis' Tubbs?

MRS. T. Only one way. By being good to somebody. That makes them thankful, too. If you've got a blessing, share it. That makes you happy and it makes the other fellow happy, too. Why, if every one would do that, we wouldn't need no jails ner prisons, but everybody would go round trying to make everybody else happy.

EMIRA. I'm going right home and start to make people happy. I'll begin and kiss the cat.

MRS. T. Now we'll all join in singin' "Scatter Seeds of Sunshine," and then you can go out and make a snow man. (*All sing one verse and chorus of some Sunday School song, and children march out R. while singing chorus.*)

Enter MRS. HICKEY *from L.*

MRS. H. Excuse me fer runnin' in the back way, Mis' Tubbs, but I've got some news. You'll never guess what's happened.

MRS. T. No, I never will. What is it?

MRS. H. How long is it since you heard from Miss Clingie Vine?

MRS. T. It's over a month since she went out of that door. I ain't heard a word since. What's happened to Clingie? She ain't married?

MRS. H. She's a millioniaire.

MRS. T. She's got her money she was expectin'?

MRS. H. (*impressively*). She fell heir to a thousand billion dollars.

MRS. T. How do you know?

MRS. H. It's in last week's paper. I brung it over for you to see.

MRS. T. Clingie was always such a nice girl. She had real genteel manners.

MRS. H. Wonders will never cease, Mollie Tubbs. Who'd ever thought that a real live millioinairess would have et right at my own table. I suppose she lives in one of them big houses now with gold furniture and a refrigerator and all that!

MRS. T. Is she living here in town?

MRS. H. No; she's back in Virginny somewheres.

MRS. T. Well, I certainly am glad for her sake. Money might be the root of all evil, as the Scripture says, but I've always pretty ginerally noticed that most folks is willin' to take all of that root they can git, and not only root, but limbs, twigs, trunks, branches and leaves.

MRS. H. It's a lucky thing for Clingie that she didn't marry Simon Rubbels. If ever there was a man on this green earth—

Enter MR. R. *He stands at back unobserved.*

MRS. H. Who gives me the flitterfigets, it's Simon Rubbels. Fur be it from me from saying anything agin no one, but if there's such a thing as a human hyena, who is stingy besides, it's that man.

MR. R. (*coming down C.*). Was you speaking of me, Mis' Hickey?

MRS. H. Well—if—it ain't Simon Rubbels in the flesh. Sakes alive! You most took my breath away.

MR. R. What I want to know is, was you talking about me?

MRS. H. (*sweetly*). Talking about you? (*Crosses up to door.*) Well, if you want to know real bad, I was! And now what you goin' to do about it? (*Exits R. quickly.*)

MR. R. Good riddance of bad rubbish. I never did like that woman nohow. And how are you feeling this evening, Mis' Tubbs?

MRS. T. Jest as fresh as a two-year-old. Won't you set down.

MR. R. I guess you know what I'm over here for, don't you, Mis' Tubbs?

MRS. T. Can't say as I do.

MR. R. Mis' Tubbs, I'm a plain man; I'm a plain man. Mis' Tubbs—

MRS. T. Yes, sir; I know you are.

MR. R. Short, sweet and to the point; that's my motter. Now, sometime ago I made you a matrimonical proposition, as you might say.

MRS. T. Yes, sir; I ain't forgot.

MR. R. And I believe that you declined my offer.

Mrs. T. I believe I did.

Mr. R. Ain't changed your mind in the meantime, have you? Ain't had a change of heart, or a conviction that you could learn to love, honor and obey me, have you?

Mrs. T. I ain't noticed it, if I have?

Mr. R. In other words, you still decline to become Mrs. Simon Rubbels. Have you thought it well over and considered the advantages I could bring you? A nice home, no worry about where your next mouthful of food is coming from, good clothes, and plenty of good honest work to occupy your spare time, so as you won't have to brood over your troubles.

Mrs. T. Yes, sir; I have thought of all that.

Mr. R. And your boy Jimmie. Remember I ain't makin' no rash promises, but I might be able to find him and bring him home to you.

Mrs. T. Oh, Mr. Rubbels, couldn't you do that for me, anyway? I'd work fer you, I'd slave fer you; I'd do anything a woman could do, if you'll only bring my boy back to me.

Mr. R. Would you marry me?

Mrs. T. But the other children? What would you do with them?

Mr. R. I'd see that they was well cared for. I got a friend who can git every last one of 'em into the orphan asylum. And they'd be looked after real good over there, and git plenty to eat and to wear, and the doctor if they took sick.

Mrs. T. Oh, I couldn't part with them; I couldn't do it; it would break my heart.

Mr. R. No, it wouldn't. You see, you'd have me to fall back on.

Mrs. T. It's no use talking any more about it. They are the idols of my heart and the apples of my eye. I never could bear to have them put in an asylum.

Mr. R. That's settled, then. I won't beg no woman to marry me. I can get my pick, I guess. For the last time, will you have me?

Mrs. T. Fur the last time, then, I *won't*.

MR. R. Very well, madam; very well. Then perhaps you will be good enough to settle your account with me, and let me depart in peace.

MRS. T. (*frightened*). Settle my account?

MR. R. Yes, ma'am, I want the money that's owing to me.

MRS. T. Oh, I can't pay you now, Mr. Rubbels. There ain't more'n two dollars in the whole house.

MR. R. You owe me over forty. (*Produces bill.*) To be exact, $41.43. I've give you all the time I'm going to. Business is business. Now, you've either got to pay me or git out. There's other parties waiting to move in. I won't trust you no longer.

MRS. T. Oh, sir, you ain't going to turn us out of house and home, are you? If you could only wait a week, I can pay some on what I owe. I've been promised a job in the laundry next week.

MR. R. I won't wait till next week. It would only be the same old story. I've waited too long now, jest because I'm a kind-hearted man. I'll attach what little scraps of furniture you've got as a part payment on your account. I don't suppose I'll ever see a cent of the balance. Tomorrow at noon this house has got to be ready for another tenant.

MRS. T. Oh, Mr. Rubbels, my baby ain't real well and we ain't got no place to go. You ain't goin' to turn us out into the streets?

MR. R. That ain't none of my business. Go to the poor-house if you're so proud. Go to your son Jimmie. Maybe he'll take care of you, if he kin. More'n likely he's locked up in State's Prison.

MRS. T. That'll do, Simon Rubbels. Don't you dare to say a word agin my Jim. (*Louder.*) You kin drive me out in the street tomorrow, but tonight this house belongs to me. (*Loudly.*) Now, there's the door and there's your hat. I won't detain you no longer.

MR. R. What! High and mighty, are you? I will go, but I'll come back and bring a policeman with me. Not one stick of furniture goes out of this house until I'm paid in

full. Then you can get out. The whole bunch of you. Out in the streets and starve.

MRS. T. Oh, ain't there no help for me? Ain't there no one on earth to who I can turn in my hour of sorrow?

Enter CLINGIE. *She comes down between* MRS. T. *and* MR. R.

CLINGIE (*loudly*). Yes, there is! Mollie Tubbs, you turn to me!

MRS. T. (*in amazement*). Clingie, Clingie Vine!

CLINGIE. Yes, it's me. Jest as natural as life and twice as handsome.

MRS. T. Why, Clingie Vine, I'd never a knowed you in Kingdom Come. You look for all the world like the Queen of England.

CLINGIE. I've come into my money. Twelve thousand dollars.

MR. R. Twelve thousand dollars. Miss Vine, Clingie, will you marry me?

CLINGIE (*witheringly*). Mis' Tubbs, kindly remove that person from the vicinity of my presence. I've got a hired man working for me to tend my furnaces named Hooligan who is the living image of him. (*To* MR. R.) I need a gardener and an automobile chuffer to work for me. If you're in need of a job, I might give you a chance, although your looks is agin you. I pay eight dollars a week with board.

MR. R. (*choking with rage*). Automobile choffer! Me? The time was when you tried your level best to make me propose to you.

CLINGIE. Adoo, Mr. Simon Rubbels. I believe that's your name, ain't it? You and me don't mingle in the same spere, but I don't bear you no ill will. If you was goin', don't let me detain you.

MR. R. I ain't going until I get the $41.43 that's coming to me. Mollie Tubbs can't pay me, so I'm turning her out bag and baggage. Maybe now that she's got such rich friends, they'll settle this account.

CLINGIE. That's jest exactly what they will do. (*Opens purse.*) There's a twenty dollar bill and there's another.

And there's two dollars. You can keep the change. Now, you get! (*He takes money and starts to speak.*) Not another word. You get, or I'll call the police and have you evacuated. (*Exit* MR. R. *at R. quickly.*)

MRS. T. (*crying*). Oh, Clingie, Clingie! I won't be able to pay you back for a month or more. You're a reg'lar human angel, Clingie Vine, right down from the skies.

CLINGIE. I owe that money to you. If it hadn't a been for you I might have married that human hippopotamus, and then where would I a' been at?

MRS. T. Oh, Clingie, it's jest wonderful. But I knew and trusted that everything would turn out all right in the end.

CLINGIE. But that ain't all. I've got more news for you. Something you don't dream of. Mis' Tubbs, are you calm? Then be prepared fer a big shock. Last week on a Thursday morning I went down in my kitchen to show my cook how to make Irish stew, or maybe 'twas apple dumplings, and I saw the grocery boy. He was real good looking, that grocery boy was. I looked at him and he looked at me—

MRS. T. Clingie Vine, you ain't gone and married a grocery boy, have you?

CLINGIE. No, I ain't married at all. But I got suitors world without end. As soon as I saw that boy I knowed I'd seen him somewheres before. And I had. I saw him hung right in this very house.

MRS. T. Seen him hung in this house? Oh, Clingie, what's ailing you?

CLINGIE (*impressively*). I tell you I seen him hung in this very room.

MRS. T. Your good fortune must have touched your brain. Now you come in your old room and lay down and let me make you a bowl of bean soup. You're all unstrung.

CLINGIE. I tell you I've seen him hanging day after day in this very room.

MRS. T. There, there, Clingie, don't let your mind dwell on it. There wasn't nobody ever hung in this room.

CLINGIE. Of course he wasn't hung here; it was his pic-

ture. There it is. It is your boy Jimmie. The grocery boy was your boy Jimmie.

MRS. T. My Jimmie? Oh, Clingie, can it be true?

CLINGIE. It was James Scotland Tubbs, your only begotten first-born son, as sure as I'm a living lady.

MRS. T. But where is he? Has he come home? Oh, Clingie, has he come home?

CLINGIE. He has. I've brung him back to you. He's out in my automobile.

MRS. T. (*running to door at R.*). Jimmie, Jimmie, my boy, my boy! (*Exits R.*)

CLINGIE (*after a pause*). Ain't she happy? Money don't make no difference to her. She wouldn't give up this moment with her boy Jim fer all the money that ever was invented.

Enter QUEENIE *and* BILLY *from R.*

QUEENIE. Oh, it's Miss Clingie, Miss Clingie. (*Hugs her.*)

BILLY. Our brother Jimmie has come home, Miss Clingie. Jimmie has come home.

Enter MRS. T. *from R., leaning on the arm of a young man in a chauffeur's costume and followed by* SCUFFLES. *The young man carries* PUNKY *in his arms. Enter from R.* TOM, MISS CAMPBELL, MRS. HICKEY, ELMIRA *and all other neighbors and children.*

MRS. H. (*shaking hands with* CLINGIE). How does it feel to have so much money, Clingie? Oh, excuse me, I guess I ought to say Miss Vine.

CLINGIE. I'm always Clingie to my friends.

MRS. T. Mis' Hickey, let me make you 'quainted with my boy, Jim. He'd a been home long before only he was saving up money to buy us all a home in the country.

CLINGIE. Now every last one of you get on your hats and bunnets and such. I'm going to take the hull bunch in my automobile. We're going to the swellest hotel in this town and have the swellest dinner that ever was invented. It's in honor of my dear, dear friend Mollie Tubbs and her boy Jimmie.

BILLY. And will we have turkey?

CLINGIE. We'll have two turkeys, if you want 'em. And seven kinds of pie and ice cream.

SCUFFLES. Where's my hat? Where's my hat?

MRS. T. And it's Thanksgiven. Seems like we ought to pray or sing or do something like that, jest to show our thankfulness.

QUEENIE. You said the way to do it was to make everybody happy.

MRS. T. That's right. That's jest what Clingie is going to do.

BILLY. Are you happy, maw?

MRS. T. Am I? Happy ain't the word to express it. Jimmie's here (*takes his hand*), and Clingie ain't mad at me no more (*takes her hand*). I reckon I'm the happiest woman in the United States of Americy. My cup runneth over, my cup runneth over. (*The curtain slowly falls.*)

CURTAIN.

A Rustic Romeo

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

A musical comedy in 2 acts, 10 males, 12 females. Only 5 m. and 4 f. have lines. The rest are in the chorus. It can be played by 5 m., 4 f., eliminating the chorus. It will prove equally successful when produced without music. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: 1 exterior, 1 interior. Characters: John Jabe Doolittle, the would-be heart smasher of Chowderville. Hink Spinny, who peddles tinware, woodenware and hardware everywhere. Sid Roberts, who longs for the "Great White Way." Azariah Figg, storekeeper. Grandpaw Blue, the oldest inhabitant. Evalina Tupper, the village belle. Miss Dee, a lovelorn critter. Mrs. Spriggs, looking for the third. Honeysuckle Spriggs, her little sunbeam. The Chowderville fire brigade and its charming society leaders, constitute the chorus. Contains ten exceptionally clever songs, humorous and sentimental. "I Want a Big-Town Girl" is set to original music. The remainder are sung to familiar college airs. "Pretty Girls," "I'm Falling in Love Again," "Moonlight Serenade," "John Jabe's Wedding," "Over the Banister," "The Chowder Fire Brigade," "Gay Manhattan," "Love's Waltz" and "On the Fourth of July." A most interesting plot wound about the events of a small town, which keeps one's interest keen until Figg finally locates his $70.00 and John Jabe gets a wife. This play is a decided novelty. Directions are given with the songs, explaining in detail how the chorus may be drilled to march, form figures, pictures, etc., which are very effective, yet in the range of amateurs. A clever stage director should make this show equal most metropolitan successes. Especially recommended for college productions. Professional stage rights reserved and a royalty of five dollars required for amateur performance.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Chowderville on a busy day. Honeysuckle and St. Cecelia astonish the rubes. The boy whose father was bad. "Do I look like a tall-grass sister?" Miss Dee, a lone, lorn critter, tells of the awfulness of the world. The village belle and the Rustic Romeo. "Girls, girls, girls!' A matrimonial advertisement from a clinging little blonde named Golden-haired Flossie. Hink Spinney tries to propose to Evalina. "If I only had $70!" Mrs. Spriggs astonishes the natives. "I'll make you think a Kansas tornado has struck your town." A moonlight serenade. The robbery. "Who stole my $70?"

Act II.—John Jabe's hotel on the Fourth of July. A country wedding. Honeysuckle and the four rubes. "Skidoo is New York talk for scat." The Fairfield Road folks come to the wedding. Miss Dee's wedding present, a bottle of Miggins' Stomach Balm, good "fer every ailment in the human cistern." An unwilling bridegroom. Figg catches the thief—almost. The Chowder fire brigade. A suspicious bride with a temper. Deserted on her wedding morn. "We'll be as happy as two little twin cubebs." A double wedding and divided wedding presents. Figg recovers his $70. Patriotic finale: On the Fourth of July.

"We played 'A Rustic Romeo' a few nights ago to a packed house. A dandy play for amateurs."—Tom Conley, Luling, Texas.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Aaron Boggs, Freshman

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 3 acts; 8 males, 8 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** Aaron from Splinterville. Happy Jimmie Jamieson, a susceptible junior. Beau Carter, a prominent senior. Pepper Jervis, studying repose. Epenetus P. Boggs, a pillar of Splinterville. Mr. Chubb, born tired. Casey Jones, a college politician. Second-hand Abey, who does his friends good. Lizzie Feeny, a waitress but a perfect lady. Mrs. Chubb, a boarding-house keeper. Mrs. Pickens, likewise. Evelyn, Lois, Cherry and Loretta, college girls. Dollie, a vaudeville queen.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.— In college years, when life's at spring,
The old love seems a little thing,
And heads are turned by the college whirl,
And the Freshman seeks a college girl.

The new football star, captured in the railroad shops. "He's going to take plain sewing and cross-stitch." Paw brings Aaron to college. "Aaron made the finest graduating address ever heard on the Splinterville platform." Aaron is hazed and Lizzie Maud meets an old beau.

Act II.— Off with the old love, on with the new,
But often the newer love won't do.
The sweetest rose is the old rose pressed
And I sometimes think that the old love's best.

Aaron president of the Freshman class. "Slaving for eleven students and everyone a hyena in a Norfolk jacket." "I have oatmeal to burn and sometimes I do." The telegram. "Grandson of Stephen J. Boggs, the multi-millionaire." Why did I ever send that telegram? It's all over."

Act III.— For a college life is a thing apart,
And a college love is a whim o' the heart.
And the heart beats true, though the world seems slow,
When you love the girl, you used to know.

"I thought you wanted me for myself, not for my grandfather." "I resign right now." Chubb brings home a load but forgets the wood. "Me working like a slave and him down town making a human faucet out of hisself." "She said she'd take me on one condition—that was easy, I entered with six." It's taken quite awhile to learn where I belong here at college, but I've found myself—and I've found you."

The Fascinators

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comic entertainment in one act; 13 females. Time, 40 minutes. A thorough school, open to girls between sixteen and fifty, which gives scientific training in the fascinating game of catching a husband. Introduces specialties and a number of songs, "Stately Lilies," "Cooking Song," etc., which are sung to familiar college airs. It ends with a very clever and amusing "Flirtation" song and drill. Particularly suitable for women's clubs and societies.

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154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

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Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is G

	M.	F.
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1	1
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min....	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min....	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min..	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min..		5
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1	1
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min...	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min...	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min...	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....		8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min..	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.....	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
Obstinate Family, 40 min....	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.....	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min..	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Smith, the Aviator, 40 min..	2	3
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min....	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min..		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.....	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.....		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MO
OLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAY

	M.	
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.....	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.....	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min..	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	1	
Home Run, 15 min.....	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.....	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.....	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....		1
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
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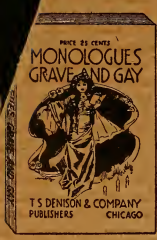

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